UNIVERSITY OF
NORTH CAROLINA
School of Library
Science

To

Frank

from Cousin Ham.

Decr. 25. 1849.

7

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

http://archive.org/details/whenarewehappies00tut

"Who should we see but Miss Fenwick herself!" — Page 70.

WHEN ARE WE HAPPIEST?

OR

THE LITTLE CAMERONS.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "THE BOY OF SPIRIT," "THE BELLE, THE BLUE, AND THE BIGOT," ETC.

Mrs. Cornelia (Tuthill) Pierson

SIXTH EDITION.

BOSTON:
WM. CROSBY AND H. P. NICHOLS,
111 WASHINGTON STREET.
1848.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by
Wm. Crosby and H. P. Nichols,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of
Massachusetts.

CAMBRIDGE:
STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY
METCALF AND COMPANY,
PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

TO

THE MOTHERLESS CHILDREN,

AT WHOSE REQUEST AND FOR WHOSE INSTRUCTION
THIS LITTLE WORK WAS WRITTEN, IT IS
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED:
THAT IT MAY LEAD THEM ONWARD IN THE PATH OF
TRUE HAPPINESS IS THE EARNEST WISH OF
THEIR DEVOTED FRIEND,

CORNELIA.

30098

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Introduction to the Camerons . .	1
II.	The Little Text-books . . .	10
III.	A Sunday at Walnut Hill . . .	22
IV.	The New School	37
V.	Lizzie's Journey	52
VI.	Lizzie's Letter from New York .	64
VII.	Ghost Stories	78
VIII.	Older Sisters	93
IX.	Poor little Eliza Carter . . .	108
X.	Lizzie's return Home	118
XI.	When are we happiest? . . .	135

WHEN ARE WE HAPPIEST?

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION TO THE CAMERONS.

Little boys and girls, do you wish to make some new acquaintances? I dare say that you have a great many friends now, that you think are very near perfection; but I hope that there is still room in your hearts for some dear little Southern children. Now, try and see if you can't like them, when I tell you who they are, and how they look, and where they live. You will not mind if they are not handsome, when you find what warm hearts they have; and perhaps, before you get through reading this book, you will be tempted to write me a letter, and ask where such nice little playmates are to be found.

If you have never been at the South, you cannot imagine how different it is from New England. At first, you would not know what the tall plant was, with large leaves, and little tufts of flowers at the top, with which so many fields are covered ; and when told that it was tobacco, you would wonder how it ever changed to the dry brown or yellow stuff which is sold at the North as cigars, snuff, and tobacco. By and by you would see tall log-houses, with no windows, and some one would tell you that the tobacco was hung all around the inside of these houses, and then a fire was kept in the middle, until it was thoroughly smoked and dried.

You would almost rub your eyes to see if a cloud had not come over them which made every body look dark, for there would be black faces at work in the fields, and black men driving all the carts and carriages you would meet, and funny little black babies looking out of the cabin-like houses scattered here and there along the road.

Have you a dislike to negroes ? Ah, well! you will get over it before you have been long at the South, and it may be that you will begin to call some of those very black people "aunt"

and "uncle"! You laugh at the very idea, but I can assure you that the little people to whom you are about to be introduced always call the old servants by these titles, and to them it does not seem at all strange.

"Are you talking about slaves?" my little readers ask, in a tone of surprise. To be sure, but we will not enter into any discussion about the evils of slavery. When you have grown up, you can form your own opinion upon this subject, and I have mine; but for the present we will forget that it is a disputed point. The servants whom you will become acquainted with here are so kindly treated and so happy, that you will soon forget that they are not perfectly free.

But if we stop so long on the road, we shall never get to Walnut Hill. Ah, there it is, rising above the woods with which it is surrounded. Is that a village in the distance, among the trees? there is no spire rising from it. Yes; it is a village, notwithstanding, for the people are all Methodists, and those square brick buildings, of which you can just see the tops, are the *New Side* and the *Old Side* churches.

O, only see that little girl on horseback! Are you not afraid that she will fall off? Yet she does not seem to have any such fears, for she gives the horse a stroke with the whip, and calling to the black boy who is riding behind her, "Come on, Jack," she dashes forward like a real horsewoman. That is Mary Cameron, and the group of little girls who are standing at the gate through which she has just passed are her sisters. You cannot see their faces, because they are almost hidden by their deep sun-bonnets, but you will notice their animated gestures, and hear their laughing voices. What merry children they must be!

Now, there is some one at the door of the pleasant-looking house, who is calling to the girls to come in. Is it their mother? O, no. These poor children have no mother, and a few weeks since the lady who had, in some measure, supplied her place, left them, and now there is no one but the housekeeper to take care of the little orphans; I mean that there is no lady to fill a parent's place, for their father is very kind in providing for all their wants, but he cannot of course supply a mother's loss as fully as he would wish to do.

It is Lizzie, the eldest sister, who is standing in the door, and though she looks so tall, she is only just fourteen. The dear girl has a great deal of care now, and does all she can for the younger ones, but still she often feels sadly discouraged. But she looks very happy now, and the reason is that she has just received a letter from their teacher, Miss Fenwick, and she wishes to read it to her sisters. As soon as they understand what she wants, they run eagerly to the house, and cluster around her on the porch. Now you can catch a peep at their faces, as they toss back their sun-bonnets that they may hear the much-wished-for letter more plainly. Let us listen to what Miss Fenwick says.

MISS FENWICK'S LETTER.

"I know that my dear children are impatient to hear from me, but they cannot be more so than I am to write to them. Almost every hour I think of you all, and try and picture to myself how you are employed.

"Lizzie, I conjecture, is trying her skill in dress-making, and perhaps complaining now and then that Margaret and Jennie are such little

rail-figures that there is no making any thing set to them, while Alice endeavours to obey my parting instructions, and finish those poor aprons which have hung upon her hands so long.

"As for Mary, in spite of her double advantage in being able to sew with both hands, I do not think she has yet completed her tasks, for in all probability those little rag dolls have made great demands upon her attention, and there is no doubt that Meggy and Jennie have devoted themselves to the crack-brained and one-armed ladies who were so miserably in want of clothes when I last saw them.

"These bright spring days have not been all spent in the house, I know, but you have explored the woods for early flowers and pretty moss, and Lizzie has bent many an hour over her daily rose-bushes, and the pet jessamine, which by this time must reach above the parlour-window.

"But though I can fancy how pleasantly you are passing your time, my dear children, there is one hour when I am sure that you miss your absent friend. Do you not think of me at the time which we used to devote to our morning Bible lesson?

"You may remember that you all begged me to write to you about those subjects on which we have so often conversed with so much pleasure, and to give you such advice as you were accustomed to receive during our favorite lesson. I promised to do so, but it is impossible to give you in writing the counsel that you all daily need. I pray that some one may be sent to instruct you, more capable of benefiting you than I could ever be; but for the present you must learn to depend upon the infallible guide which I left in your hands.

"The more you search the Scriptures, the more fully will you be convinced that they contain all that is necessary for your instruction.

"Alice sometimes used to say, that, when she did any thing wrong, she seemed always to find some text which condemned her the very next time that she opened her Bible, and I am sure you must all have had the same experience.

"Now, what I want you all to do is, to read daily those plainer and more practical portions of Scripture which I pointed out to you, and to select the lessons which they contain before

closing the book, endeavouring to commit as many as you can to memory. When you find any passage which forbids a fault to which you are inclined, the older ones must set down the place where the text is found, if they have not time to copy the text itself, in little blank books, which they must keep for this purpose.

"Do you understand what I mean? I will try and explain it to you. Some of you are very quick-tempered, and need every aid in restraining your angry passions. At the head of one page of their blank books, Lizzie, and Alice, and Mary can write "Anger," and when they find any text condemning a hasty spirit, they can put it down under this head. Those who are accustomed to give too free reins to their tongues may have the next head in their books 'Rules for Conversation,' and place under it all the maxims which they can find for prudence, kindness, and consideration in their discourse. You will find in Proverbs a great deal upon this subject, besides a whole chapter in one of the Epistles, which I leave you to discover.

"I know you all have sufficient quickness of mind to follow out this plan, so I will only

mention a few more heads under which it would be well to collect passages of warning and advice. These are, 'Respect to Superiors,' 'Politeness,' 'Treatment of Servants,' 'Kindness to one another,' 'Sin of Selfishness,' 'Right Use of Time,' 'Encouragement to Prayer,' and 'Parental Care of God.'

"I shall be delighted to learn that you have added many more to this list, and have not only set them down in your books, but implanted them in your hearts. But you will never be successful, my dear children, in self-government, unless you have the aid of our Heavenly Father, which you must always implore fervently before reading the Sacred Word. I, too, shall never cease to ask that He may guide you into all truth.

"Give my best respects to your kind father, and write to me very soon. Tell me all that you are doing with the same freedom as if I were still with you, and ever believe me

"Your devoted friend,

"AMELIA FENWICK."

CHAPTER II.

THE LITTLE TEXT-BOOKS.

When Lizzie Cameron awoke, the next morning after the receipt of Miss Fenwick's letter, the first thing of which she thought was the plan of putting down texts in a little book, and thus making out a set of regulations for her own conduct.

Now Lizzie, to own the truth, was not as fond of the Bible as her younger sisters, but she liked any thing new; and as the nurse shrewdly observed, "it would have been well if her zeal lasted to the end of her undertakings." But for a short time there was no checking the industry of the impetuous girl, and on this morning there was but one idea at work in her busy brain. So fully occupied was she with this, that she forgot all Miss Fen-

wick's lessons upon the necessity of doing every thing "decently and in order," and put on one of her stockings wrong side outward, and only half finished her hair. As she was hurrying down stairs, her dress caught upon a nail and tore out the gathering.

"Confound the old dress!" she exclaimed, half in a passion at her own carelessness, "it is always catching at something"; and she tried to pin up the rent so that it might not be observed.

"Are you not ashamed, Lizzie?" said Mary, in a very grave tone, for she was rather given to preaching. "You know Miss Fenwick said that we must not say 'confound,' or any such word, lest we fall into condemnation."

"Silence in the court-room, Mit is going to preach. You think yourself so smart, Miss," retorted Lizzie, in a vexed tone, as she opened the dining-room door, and seated herself at the head of the table.

Major Cameron was very easy to please about most things, but he was extremely particular with regard to his coffee, and a teaspoonful too much of cream or sugar ruined it. Lizzie generally managed to suit him very well, but now her mind was occupied, and she mixed

an uninviting cup half full of cream, which her father had no sooner tasted than he pushed it away with evident disgust.

"Hand another cup to Miss Lizzie," he said, in a somewhat stern tone, to little black Jim, who was at his elbow, "and let her see if she cannot give me some coffee more fit to drink."

Lizzie's tears unfortunately lay quite too near her eyes, and now two large ones rolled out down her cheeks and fell upon the tray before her.

"Father does not wish salt water in his coffee," whispered Alice, playfully.

"Do n't make a baby of yourself, Lizzie," exclaimed her father, for he had a horror of tears, "only try and be more attentive. An absent-minded woman will never have good manners, and you must endeavour to have your thoughts about you."

Luckily, the tears which come so readily are easily dried; and when Major Cameron left the table, his children were full of good-nature and animation.

"Did you ask father about our books?" inquired Alice, eagerly.

"No, I did not dare to, he was so cross this morning," replied Lizzie.

"How can you say so?" interposed Mary, "He only told you not to fill his coffee with cream."

The reëntrance of the father put an end to the discussion which might here have followed, for I am sorry to say, that, though Lizzie would not allow any one else to speak unkindly to one of her sisters, she sometimes assumed a dictatorial tone, and provoked them to anger. Miss Fenwick often used to tell her that she would be answerable for the sins that she thus made them commit; but habits are hard to overcome, and Lizzie often spoke more harshly than she intended or felt. It is difficult for elder sisters to receive advice from younger ones meekly, and Mary was rather too apt to proffer hers, without reflecting whether it would be "a word spoken in season." Alice used to be equally ready in giving her opinion, but of late she had been trying very hard to do what was right, and this made her diffident in condemning others.

"Was that letter from Miss Fenwick, which you received yesterday, Lizzie?" asked Major

Cameron, as he came in and seated himself by a window, with an open newspaper in his hand.

"Yes, Sir, and she wished to be remembered kindly to you," answered Lizzie.

"What else did she say, daughter? You may as well get the letter and read it to me."

With this request Lizzie readily complied, and when she had done reading the letter, her father said, — "Well, my children, I only wish that you may profit by such good advice. I am going to the village this morning, and will send you up some blank books to be used as Miss Fenwick proposes. How many do you want?"

"Three," said Lizzie, decidedly.

"Four," interposed Margaret, who had just begun to write fine hand.

"O, get me one, father, get me one, wont you, wont you?" interrupted Jennie, eagerly; "I can write, and sister Alice will fix it for me, wont you, Ally?"

"But, Jennie, you don't know how to make all the letters yet," remonstrated Alice, in a kind tone.

"Jennie is such a tease, father, that we can't do any thing with her," remarked Liz-

zie, in a very reproving manner. "She always wants to do every thing."

"O, Jennie is a pretty good girl, on the whole, though she is not quite old enough yet to write," remarked the Major, as he stooped down and kissed the little noisy, warm-hearted child, who was, as she herself often triumphantly asserted, a great favorite with her father.

About an hour after this discussion, Lizzie might be seen diligently ruling her own and Mary's text-books, while Alice was seated by herself in her little chamber, reading very attentively the first chapter of the Epistle of St. James, to which she had just come in the regular course of morning lessons. Before opening the sacred volume, she had offered a short prayer that the eyes of her mind might be opened to understand the holy word, and her heart made ready to fulfil its commands. Before closing the book, she marked in the margin those verses which seemed to her to contain practical instruction. As she was on her way down stairs to copy off these texts, Margaret met her, with her light hair flying loose around her neck, and the ribands in her hand.

"Please stop, Alice, and braid my hair; it all came down while I was running across the yard," said Margaret, in an imploring tone.

"You are so ——" commenced Alice, in a hasty tone; but one of the texts which she had just read came into her mind, — "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, that man's religion is vain"; so she made an effort, and said, kindly, — "Well, come back up stairs, Meggy, and I will tie it up. I wish you would try and keep it always in a little better order. Where is your new apron?"

"You have not yet put the strings upon it, and I could not find those that were washed last week."

Alice had taken the care of Margaret, who was only three years younger, entirely upon herself, and this duty demanded no small effort upon her part, for she disliked sewing, and it was a real trial for her to sit down and repair all the clothes which Meggy would manage to rip and tear in the course of the week. It is true that she did not make such dire destruction in her wardrobe as the careless little Jennie, but still she kept Alice employed, and sometimes tried

her patience severely. But this morning Alice had read the Bible to some purpose, and it had taught her to be "a doer of the word, and not a hearer only, deceiving her own soul." She now sat down cheerfully to finish Meggy's apron, singing in a sweet, though uncultivated voice, one of the spirited Methodist hymns, which she had caught from some of "the people," as the black families are called.

"Only look," exclaimed Lizzie, when Alice came into the dining-room, "I have got four pages of my book filled already, and Mary is going to copy them. I took my reference Bible, and looked out first all I could find upon anger, and then upon government of the tongue, and right use of time. Don't look at that page. My hand was tired writing, but the rest look quite neatly."

Alice did not withhold her praise from the well selected texts, but she remarked, — "I thought, Lizzie, that Miss Fenwick meant that we should put down the texts as they occurred in our reading, and not all at once. Would it not be better for Mary to find them out for herself?"

"O, no!" said Mary, who had been dressing

her dolls, forgetting her usual morning lesson. "I will try and practise those that Lizzie has found out."

Alice remembered that one of the precepts she had read was, to be "slow to speak," so she said no more, but, quietly taking out her new blank book, reopened her Bible, and thought under what heads she should put the passages which she had marked.

The first verse was, "Let patience have her perfect work," and Alice placed "Patience" at the head of the page, and, as she did so, resolved not to be so easily put out of temper by her younger sisters. Then she came to the passage, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask it of God," and this she placed under one of the titles which Miss Fenwick had proposed, "Encouragement to Prayer."

But it would take too long to tell all the lessons which may be learned from this one chapter. Let my little readers look through it themselves, and see how many lessons they can obtain, and then they can judge how much may be learned from going through the whole Bible in the same way. It was very fortunate that Alice commenced her text-book with this

portion of Scripture; for it fixed in her mind the very truths which made the plan proposed so beneficial, — that "Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer but a doer of the word, this man shall be blessed in the deed."

Lizzie had made out a most excellent collection of texts, but she had neglected to ask that they might be impressed upon her mind, and was too much fatigued, when she had done copying them, to have enough self-command to perform the duties of the day well. A ride on horseback relieved the pain in her chest, but still she felt through the day the languor and irritability which always followed any extraordinary exertion.

The rest of the children passed the day quite merrily, for it was a lovely Saturday, and when at night Major Cameron returned home, he looked around with pleasure on the bright faces which welcomed him. His manner to Lizzie was more kind than usual, as he said, — "You must not mind, my daughter, if sometimes I am a little impatient with you. I see the effort that you are making to do right,

and give you full credit for the care that you take to render me comfortable, and your little sisters happy. This coffee is excellent, and I am sure that I shall have a very fine manager before long."

Lizzie blushed at this praise from her father, for she was very fond of him; and when she went up stairs to see that the younger children were comfortably established for the night, her manner to them was quite gentle and motherly, and they told her what they had done wrong during the day, as if she had been twice her actual age.

When Alice and Mary were alone together in their little bedroom that evening, Mary regretted that she had not once thought of her texts the whole day, and now, when she wished to think whether she had practised them, she could not remember what half of them were.

Alice asked again, kindly, if it would not be better to select a few passages for herself every day, which she could keep in mind; and Mary, who was quicker in acknowledging errors than firm in correcting them, owned that it would be a wiser plan, and promised to commence it the next day. The little girls then talked very

pleasantly of the happiness which they felt when doing right, and fell asleep, repeating, "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love," with their arms around each other's necks. Their conversation had given a sweet expression to their young faces, which made them look lovely in spite of their little mob caps and sun-burnt skins. As they lay there so sweet and peaceful, one felt sure that "angels would watch them while they slept, till morning light appeared."

CHAPTER III.

A SUNDAY AT WALNUT HILL.

"THERE comes Jennie, I 'll be bound," said Major Cameron, as he heard a child half tumbling down the stairs on Sunday morning. "She always contrives to make more noise than any other six children."

The Major was not mistaken, for in came Jennie, limping and puffing, but not too much stunned by her fall to give the door a tremendous bang as she shut it after her.

"You certainly are the clumsiest girl that ever lived, Jennie; if you can't be more quiet, keep out of my sight," exclaimed the Major, whom a tremendous pain in his head had rendered somewhat irritable.

"Have you a pain in your head, father?" asked Jennie, with perfect good-nature, not in the least abashed by this stern reproof.

"I have nothing else," he replied, half vexed and half amused at the coolness with which his reproof had been received.

But though Jennie was somewhat indifferent to her own misconduct, she could not bear to see any one she loved in pain, and her plain, frank face immediately wore a sympathizing expression, as she said, in a more gentle tone, — "I am sorry, father. Wont you come and lie on the sofa, and let me hold your head, and bathe it with camphor?"

"It is too heavy for you, my darling," replied the Major, his momentary anger entirely subdued; but, to please Jennie, he lay down, and allowed her to bathe his head with her little plump hands.

The announcement that breakfast was ready obliged Jennie to give up the burden, of which she was so proud, but a good appetite reconciled her to the loss, and she was soon seated at the table, with an air of perfect content.

"Where is Lizzie?" asked the Major, rather impatiently.

At this moment Lizzie entered the room, saying, in an apologetic tone, — "Excuse me, father, but I could not find my hair-ribands."

"You will lose your head some day, if you don't take care. Come, sit down quickly, and give me my breakfast, for perhaps my head will feel better after eating something."

In a few seconds all the other little Camerons were in their places, and the Major could not help thinking to himself that his children were indeed like "olive-branches around his table."

And well might a father be proud of five such promising daughters. There was Lizzie, first, — every body said that she would make a fine-looking woman, when she was a little more stout, and had learned to carry her height better. To be sure, it was not becoming to her to have her hair *tucked up*, as it was this morning, on account of the loss of her hair-ribands; but then she had brushed it very smooth, and her *mousseline-de-laine* fitted nicely, although she had cut it herself, and, what was more remarkable, as yet there was not a single darn in it. Lizzie made the largest rents in her dresses of any of the family, and the reason was, that, when any of them caught upon a nail or chair, instead of stopping quietly to disentangle herself, she would give such a

twitch as even the stoutest material could not bear. She was getting more careful, however, from feeling strongly the necessity of setting a good example to her younger sisters.

There was no fear that Alice would copy this fault, for she moved about the house with the gravity of an old woman, from a sort of natural indolence, but yet in play she was uncommonly active. Her figure did not promise to be as fine as her elder sister's, for she had a habit of stooping, which made her shoulders look round; but since she had tried to govern her temper, there was a sweet expression upon her face, and when she smiled, the deep dimples in her smooth cheeks were very pretty. Her skin, too, was quite fair, if she protected it from the sun, and when she felt in a pleasant mood, her voice was so sweet that it was very agreeable to hear her talk.

Still a great many declared that Mary was the prettiest, for her black eyes sparkled from under their dark lashes, and her figure was so straight and trim that every thing she wore fitted nicely. She was such an obliging child, too, that one could not help loving her, and when Margaret and Jennie had a favor to ask, it was

almost always of "sister Maty." Even at the breakfast table Margaret was whispering to her, which was very wrong, and probably she said something funny, for Mary had hard work not to laugh. It might, however, have been Meggy's droll way, but still her small, keen face was lighted up with a comical expression, as if some droll thought passed through her active brain.

"Who preaches to-day, father?" asked Lizzie, as they rose from the table.

"No one at either of the churches, excepting a colored preacher to the people, this evening. I shall be away all day, and you must keep the children in order, and try and set them a good example."

Lizzie always felt a little flattered at having the rest of the family placed under her charge, and, for a girl of her age, she certainly managed as well as could have been expected. Nobody, surely, could have formed better plans than entered her mind, but the great trouble was, that she seemed to spend so much thought about how she should do every thing, that she had very little strength left to carry out her plans.

As soon as Major Cameron had left the

house, his eldest daughter said, very soberly, to the rest of the children, — "Now, I will tell you what I think would be the best plan for passing this day. First, I will read, as Miss Fenwick always did, several chapters in the Bible; then I will give you all your lessons for this afternoon's Sunday-school. When you have learned them, I have a book to read, which I think you will find interesting, if it is not too old for Meggy and Jennie. After dinner I will hear your recitations, and then we will, as usual, devote, each of us, an hour to the instruction of our little black scholars. If any time is left before supper, we can spend it in singing or repeating hymns."

The children all agreed that this would be a very profitable way of passing the day, but Alice asked her sister if she did not intend to devote any of it to the instruction of the older servants, as Miss Fenwick had requested them to do.

"Why, I believe not," answered Lizzie, somewhat hesitatingly, "if you will do it. They don't listen well to me, and I find it so hard to make them understand any of the more interesting portions of Scripture."

Alice felt some diffidence about taking this

duty on herself, as she was only twelve years old; but still she felt its necessity, as, since her mother's death, they had become responsible for the instruction of those whom Providence had, in a manner, placed under their care. She promised to try it this once, and asked to be made the means of doing good to those in whom she felt so deep an interest.

The chapters which Lizzie chose to read never failed to interest the young, for they contained the history of Joseph. As Alice saw how interested the little audience were in listening to the oft-repeated tale, she thought, that, if the children could understand it so easily, she might make it plain to the servants, so she resolved to read the same passages to them.

When Lizzie had finished, the girls selected their lessons for the afternoon. Alice chose the hundred and third Psalm, which she admired, and Mary the twenty-third, as she was not able to commit so many verses to memory. Margaret and Jennie were harder to please, for they had set their hearts upon the same hymn-book, because it was small, and prettily bound; and when Lizzie showed them that a larger one contained the verses they had chosen, there

was some difficulty in persuading either of them to take it.

At length, all the children were seated at their lessons, and Lizzie, who had a slight toothache, went up stairs for some camphor, and to tie up her hair, as she had found the lost ribands in the pocket of the dress that she had worn the day before. Suddenly, her text-book came into her mind, and she remembered that she had not once thought of it since it was closed the morning before.

"There is no use in my trying to be good," she said to herself. "I am sure it is not my fault, for I do all I can; but the more I read the Bible, the worse I grow."

Yes, there was truth in that, for every command of Scripture may render us better; but if we do not practise what we read, like other privileges that we abuse, it will increase our condemnation.

Lizzie neither asked God to bless the Bible to her, nor opened it with a teachable spirit, and a resolution to make it the rule of her life. She often said, "Christians ought to obey it, but I am not a Christian," as if that were any excuse for sinning against a kind Creator!

Poor Lizzie! She had been trying this morning to do her duty, but, with all her efforts, she felt what she had often remarked, that "Sunday was a dull day," and this feeling troubled her, because she also remembered that it is mentioned as one of the peculiarities of God's children that they "call the Sabbath a delight."

Ah! Lizzie had too much conscience to be happy in doing wrong, and had not yet the resolution or principle to choose firmly the right. There was much work yet for the Holy Spirit in her wilful young heart.

"Miss Alice, Aunt Beck *say* the kitchen is ready for you to come read now, if you *is* willing," said a little negro, at about eleven o'clock, as he thrust his head into the door of the dining-room, which opened out upon the yard leading to the kitchen.

"Is any body there, Jim, but our own family?" asked Alice, ready almost to draw back from the duty.

"Only Mrs. Franklin, Dilly, and old Uncle Bill. Aunt Becky says you need not mind them, Miss Ally."

"Well, get me a glass of water, and then I will come," said Alice.

"May I go with you? O, do let me," asked Jennie, jumping up, and letting her hymn-book fall on the floor.

"And I, too," said Margaret, laying hers upon the chair Jennie had just quitted.

"Have both of you learned your lessons?" asked Alice, who much preferred that they should remain where they were.

"No, but it is no matter," said Jennie; "I lost the place that Lizzie gave me, and have only just found it, and now it has gone again."

"Well, then, you must look it up, for you cannot either of you go with me," said Alice, in rather too decided a tone, as she hurried out of the door, with her Bible in hand.

The kitchen was at such a distance from the house that it was a wonder that any thing warm ever reached the table, and the smoking dishes that were placed upon it did owe their heat to the activity of the servants. They considered themselves as entire mistresses of the little log-house of which the kitchen was a part, and did the honors with as much politeness as many a lady would have done.

It was certainly a comfortable looking place, as the fresh, sweet spring air came in through

the open door and windows ; for the floor and the hard wooden chairs had been newly washed, and all the dishes nicely put away, excepting the few bright tin ones which hung around the fireplace.

In the most comfortable of the chairs, leaning her elbows on the large pine table, sat the oldest servant on the place, Aunt Polly, and a more faithful creature never lived. To be sure, she was rather cross when any one asked her about the "misery" in her back, or her phthisic ; but though she had, as she said, "one foot in the grave," nothing could persuade her to give up working, or caring for her master's interest. "A servant is in bondage, but she must be obedient," was her motto, and so she had been all her life. If she could only have been induced to take a little rest, her old age would have been made very comfortable, and now, with her gay handkerchief upon her head, and her clean linsey-woolsey dress, she looked really respectable. Still, Alice could not help smiling, as she looked up from her book in which she was finding the place, at seeing the strange faces which old Aunt Polly was making, to frighten into silence a

little black baby, who was seated on the floor beside her, or at the threatening gestures with which she waved a switch over the head of another negro child, who was sitting by the little one to amuse it. But Aunt Polly had no idea of hurting either of them, as you might see by the strange smile which played over her large features, at the pitiful faces with which the poor children looked upon the rod.

Aunt Kitty, the fat, good-humored, motherly woman in the opposite corner, had her own way of stilling the noisy little Brom, and that was feeding him constantly with hoe-cake, which to him was sweeter than gingerbread; while tall Aunt Becky, whose child he was, settled herself to hear the good book that she so much loved.

Alice had only just commenced reading when three or four of the men-servants came in, but they said, very respectfully, "Please read on, Miss Ally," and taking off their hats, leaned against the wall and listened attentively.

The story of Joseph delighted them all, and moved Aunt Kitty almost to tears, while old Uncle Bill declared, that hearing Miss Ally

read was as good as a preaching, or a funeral, or a class-meeting.

Having thus interested them in the narratives of the Bible, Alice turned to some passages which she had found, respecting the duties of servants, and explained what was meant by "eye-service," and "rendering obedience willingly, as unto the Lord, and not unto men."

Before the youthful teacher had finished, Mary came running down to the kitchen, to say that some children had just come to spend the day with them, and wanted her to come and play.

"But, Mary, it is Sunday, and we must not play," remarked Alice, as they walked towards the house. "Even the stranger that is in our gates, we are told, must keep the Sabbath."

"I know that, but they 'll be vexed if we don't," said Mary, who could not bear to displease any one. "They wont stay long, perhaps, and it wont be so very wrong just to run about a little."

"Well, then," said Alice, who was sorely puzzled, "let us walk quietly to the woods, for mother used to go there sometimes with us on Sunday evening, because she said that we

were so used to running about that it made us dull to be shut up all day. But we 'll ask Lizzie what to do."

Lizzie, however, was not in a state to give advice, for she had a violent toothache; so Alice and Mary concluded to take a walk with their visiters, the little Carters, and Jennie and Margaret were permitted to put up their books and accompany them. For a little while they all walked soberly along, and Alice and Mary tried to give the conversation a serious tone, but by and by Jennie and Margaret began to run races, and then they found some smooth stones, which would make such nice *Jacks* that they must try them, and Mary was tempted to join with Sarah and Eliza Carter in the game.

Now, Alice particularly excelled in this play, and was sorely tempted when she saw all the rest thus amusing themselves, but she fortunately remembered one verse that she had set down in her text-book that morning, "Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all," so she did not dare to commit even a small sin. She walked courageously away from the rest of the party,

and, seating herself under the tree, repeated over the psalm she had learned that morning, and several others, before the game was done.

On their return to the house, Sarah and Eliza Carter concluded to remain all day. In the afternoon, Alice persuaded them all to listen to a very pretty story, but they were obliged to give up the Sunday school, and at night the children did not feel as happy as they often had done. They all went early to bed, and on reviewing the events of the day before their evening prayers, every one saw that it was the tendency to evil in their own hearts, more than the company of their little companions, which had made them misspend so many hours. They remembered, too, that they should be accountable for the example which they had set to their little visiters, who had not received the same religious instruction, and resolved that another time they would try more earnestly to "remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy."

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEW SCHOOL.

WHAT an exciting thing it is for children to go to a new school!

Since Miss Fenwick's departure, the little Camerons had had a vacation; but on Monday morning their father informed them that he had made arrangements for their attending the village academy. After various expressions of surprise at this unexpected intelligence, and fears lest they should never have courage enough to say their lessons to a gentleman, or dare to ask for an explanation, the older girls concluded that they should really be glad to go back to their studies.

"Margaret and Jennie are too little to go to school with us," said Mary, who was in the habit of treating her younger sisters as if they

were mere babies, compared with herself; "but I suppose that they will be put in entirely different classes, so that we shall scarcely know that they are there."

"You have no time to lose," remarked Lizzie, "for father said that you must be ready at ten o'clock to go with him, and it is now nearly nine."

"O, fix me first, Lizzie, fix me quick, do," exclaimed Jennie, with habitual impatience. "Must not we put on our new muslin dresses and worked pantalette? I am sure we ought to wear them the first day, and I want my blue hair-ribands, and the little gloves Aunty gave me, and my bronze shoes."

"How foolish you are!" said Mary, in quite a contemptuous tone. "You forget that we are only going to school."

"Well, I don't want to wear that ugly calico, either," said Margaret. "I am afraid all the girls will laugh at me"; and her eyes actually filled with tears at the bare idea of being ridiculous.

"Margaret is so afraid of being laughed at, I dare say she 'll cry if Mr. Johnson speaks to her, she's such a baby."

Margaret did cry very easily, and excitement, together with the fear of going among strangers, now made her rather weak, and her blue eyes began to look decidedly watery at these remarks.

Mary, although rather severe in condemning the little follies of her sisters, was very kind-hearted, and could not bear really to wound their feelings. "Come, don't cry, Meggy," she said, in a soothing tone, "and I will braid your hair nicely, and see that the girls shall have no cause to laugh at you. Alice wont let them impose upon us, for you know she always takes our part, and they are afraid of her."

"I hope there will be no need of my aid," said Alice. "I do not mean to be as ready to take offence as when I last went to school. Let us try and see how peaceably we can get along. You know they 'that would have friends must show themselves friendly'; and if we are kind to all the girls, I don't believe but what they 'll be kind to us."

"Come, come," said Lizzie impatiently, "we can't stop to hear you preach, Alice. Susan has put all your clothes in your rooms,

children, and will get your dinners ready for you to carry."

"Put in enough for me, Susan," was Jennie's warning, as she was running up stairs in her usual boisterous way.

When the little girls came down, they were all dressed very neatly for school, with the exception of a large string of blue glass beads with which some of the servants had presented Jennie, and which Lizzie had allowed her to wear, to make up for not putting on her bronze shoes, upon which she had set her heart.

"Who 'll take the dinner-basket?" asked Alice. "I have my large atlas and slate to carry."

"And I mine," said Mary, "but Margaret can take it, for Jim is going to carry all Jennie's and her books."

"But I am ashamed to take that old basket. I know all the girls will make fun of me," replied Margaret, just ready to cry again.

The dinner-basket was rather shabby, for the straw was broken around the edge, and a piece of twine had replaced the handle, which had been worn off by swinging it constantly backwards and forwards.

"I don't care how it looks," said Jennie. "I 'll carry it, and then I can take a luncheon by the way."

"No, it is too heavy for you," replied Mary; adding, after a moment's thought, "I 'll tell you what will be better. You can take my slate, and Margaret my atlas, and I 'll carry the basket. You know we must 'bear one another's burdens.' Is not that what the text which we put down this morning means, Alice?"

Mary had not forgotten, this time, that the passages in their text-book were to be practised upon, as well as written neatly.

Either the bright morning, or the pleasant walk down the hill, or the good resolutions which they had formed, made the children very light-hearted, and when Major Cameron introduced them to Mr. Johnson, he thought that he had never seen four happier looking children. They submitted, without pouting, to being put back in a great many of their lessons, and sat down very quietly to their tasks for the day.

When Alice and Mary were called up to recite their first lesson, they were able to say it

without missing a word ; but Alice was a little too much pleased, when, through the inattention of those above her, she gained the head of her class. It was more amiable in Mary to feel pride in her sister's scholarship, and she deserved credit for the frankness with which she owned that Alice always learned more quickly than she herself was able to do.

When the second class in geography were summoned, Margaret fairly trembled, but Alice whispered to her, as she passed, "Don't be afraid. I 'll tell you, if you don't know."

The first question which came to Margaret had such a short, easy answer, that she got over it very well, and began to feel quite reassured. Her courage soon fell, when, after two trials, the little girl next above her could not tell what was the capital of Illinois, and the question passed to her. She knew all the capitals perfectly when she came to the class, but now she could not think of one of them. Her head was hung on one side, and her eyes were fast filling with tears, when she heard "Springfield," in a low whisper. She did not wish to bring Alice into difficulty, so she remained silent for a moment longer, and then brought out the answer in a hesitating tone.

"Right," said Mr. Johnson. "Go above Eliza Carter."

Margaret, who knew that Eliza could have answered as well, if she had been told, did not seem willing to execute this command; and Mr. Johnson, thinking that her reluctance arose from diffidence, said, encouragingly, — "You must not be too modest to take the honor which you deserve. Eliza is very careless about her lessons, and ought to be punished."

Margaret ought to have had the frankness to have told openly the reason of her hesitation, but she feared to bring blame upon her sister, and had too little independence to do right; so, with a blush of shame, she moved up in the class.

As soon as school was out at noon, Alice went to Mr. Johnson, and said, in a low but firm tone, — "You will excuse me, Sir, if I say that I do not think Margaret has any right to be above Eliza Carter. She says she knew her lesson perfectly when she went to the class; but she would have missed, if I had not whispered the answer behind her. I did not think at the time that I was doing wrong, but I see now that it was deceiving you, and teach-

ing her to do what was wrong. I believe that she would have told you the reason why she did not wish to go up, if she had not feared that you would blame me ; so I thought it was my duty to tell you about it."

Mr. Johnson, who was well aware that this injurious practice was common among his scholars, under the false idea that it was kind, was surprised at this frank confession. He did not praise Alice, but he thought to himself that henceforward he could rely upon her truthfulness.

Children become acquainted very quickly, and half an hour after the intermission commenced, the little Camerons were as much at home as if they had known their schoolmates for years. Alice and Mary had joined a party of the older ones, who were playing Jacks on the large table in the centre of the room, while Margaret was looking at some droll pictures in a book which she had just borrowed of her seatmate, and Jennie was skipping the rope in the yard, managing to trip herself every three minutes, and then regaining her feet with equal dexterity.

As Alice stood waiting for her turn to per-

form the feat of "all-fours," upon which she prided herself, she noticed one poor little girl who stood alone in the corner of the room, looking towards them with a wistful eye, as if she longed to join in the game. "Who is that in the faded black calico and torn apron?" she asked of Sarah Carter, a lively girl, whom she had known very well previously to commencing school.

"Nobody but little Fanny Martin," replied Sarah, very disdainfully; "is not she a dirty, disagreeable-looking little thing? All the girls laugh at her, and we wont any of us play with her. You know who her father is, — old Bill Martin. He gets drunk every day, and they say that 's what killed her mother."

"Poor child!" said Alice, sympathizingly; "no mother! Then that 's the reason why she looks so neglected. Come here, Meg, I want to speak to you," she added, endeavouring to turn Margaret's attention from the picture with which she seemed so much amused.

Meggy's ear was at length gained; but when Alice whispered, "Do go and talk to that poor little girl who stands there alone," she did not seem ready to comply with the re-

quest, but remained in silence, rolling up the corner of her gingham apron, and running her finger through the hem.

"Why don't you go, Meggy? Do, that 's a dear, good child," repeated Alice, persuasively.

Margaret now found courage to whisper, — "I dare not. None of the girls play with her; and they will not like me, if I do."

"How mean you are, to be so afraid of them!" said Alice, in an impatient tone; for she was so independent herself, that she had very little consideration for Margaret's failing.

Alice forgot then that it was as much her duty to support the feebleminded and be patient toward all, as to remember that "whoso despiseth the poor reproacheth his Maker." It is so much easier to perform the duties to which we are naturally inclined, than to view with charity those faults to which we have no temptation.

A cunning child is very disagreeable, and an artful one still worse; but even the very young, when they wish to do a kind act, should study the most prudent manner.

Alice thought for a few moments how she

could improve little Fanny Martin's appearance, so that she might not be so much despised by her companions, and succeeded very well in her effort to effect this object. She gave up playing any longer at her favorite game, and this little act of self-denial filled her heart with peace, and made her tone very sweet, as she said to Fanny, — "Will you not come out in the porch with me, while I wash my hands? All the rest are busy, and they are so stained with ink, that it will take some time to get it off. Stop a moment, till I get a towel out of our dinner-basket."

Fanny Martin really looked pretty, in spite of her dirty face, as her eyes sparkled and her cheek flushed at this unexpected kindness. She chattered away very pleasantly, while Alice tried to remove the ink from her hands, and was not at all offended when her companion remarked, as she finished, — "Now, would you like to wash your hands, Fanny? The roads are so full of dust, that some of it has settled upon your skin, and if you wish to use my towel, you are welcome. I knew we should need one, and asked Susan to put it up."

Fanny thankfully accepted this offer ; and then Alice said, as she took a clean little brush out of her ample pocket, — " When I have smoothed my hair, I should like to try and braid yours like Jennie's. She never can do it nicely herself."

" I have no ribands," replied Fanny, with a slight expression of mortification.

"Never mind ! I can give you part of mine, and it will look all the better, for it is too long now."

So saying, Alice took a knife from her pocket and cut her nice brown riband in two, and arranged Fanny's hair so well, that it was no wonder her schoolmates scarcely knew her when she reëntered the room.

When Sarah Carter saw how Alice had been employed, she drew down the corners of her mouth very contemptuously, and whispered to Anna Mortimer that she could not see how any gentleman's daughter could touch such a vulgar little thing as Fanny Martin. For her part, she should not play with Alice Cameron any more, if she was going to associate with such children.

Mary Cameron overheard this whisper, and

her quick temper was instantly aroused. "I am sure Alice will be glad to hear that," she remarked in an angry tone, while her cheeks crimsoned, and her dark eyes sparkled with indignation. "Are you not ashamed to treat that poor little thing so, just because she has a bad father and no mother?"

Mary should have read over her texts upon the "Government of the Tongue" that morning, and then she would have known better how to manage the "unruly member."

Alice saw from her sister's manner, that some unkind remark had been made about her conduct; but she was fearless of blame when sure that she was right, so she whispered to Mary, — "Hush, dear, it is not worth minding. I can defend myself, if necessary."

"Well, if you don't care, I am sure I don't," she replied aloud; "but I 'll let her know she is not going to speak so of me."

"Do be quiet," said Alice, in a low voice. "Don't you remember that there is a woe to us, when all men speak well of us; but 'if we do well and suffer for it patiently, this is acceptable'?"

"Did you hear that text?" whispered Sa-

rah Carter ; " Alice must be going to give us a sermon. She 's great at preaching, I dare say. We 'll watch her practice. I could make her so mad in ten minutes, that I bet she would forget all her religion."

These last words were said aloud, on purpose to attract the attention of the person of whom she was speaking ; and Alice, who saw her object, was determined not to be provoked. With a great effort she commanded her rising spirit, and said, in a calm tone, — " Don't try my temper, Sarah, for it is a very bad one, and I might lose it in less than the time you mentioned, which I should be very sorry to do."

Sarah Carter was so astonished at this quiet admission on Alice's part of her own irritability, that she had nothing more to say ; so she tossed up her marbles in her hand, and changed the subject by observing, that, if they did not make haste and finish their game, they would not have time to get through with their dinner before school commenced.

When the little Camerons were assembled after tea in the dining-room, telling Lizzie the occurrences of the day, each found that they had not strictly kept all the good resolutions which they had made in the morning.

Mary remembered with pleasure that she had consented to carry the old dinner-basket, but regretted that she had lost her temper and said many things in an unchristian spirit.

Margaret saw her weakness in not liking to talk to little Fanny Martin; and when both she and Jennie came to ask themselves, "Whom have we made happy to-day?" which was one of the questions that guided them in the work of self-examination proposed by Miss Fenwick, they were forced to own that they had thought only of themselves.

Alice then rejoiced that she had denied herself a little pleasure for the sake of the poor little forsaken Fanny, and resolved to carry a needle and thread to school the next day, to mend the torn apron, if it should again appear. She, however, had much to lament, and determined never again to tempt her sisters to deceive by telling them in their recitations, or to feel so much exalted if she excelled in her own studies. "I must encourage Mary more in her studies," she thought, "and not forget that humility is of great price in the sight of God, and it is he that hath made us to differ."

CHAPTER V.

LIZZIE'S JOURNEY.

WHAT a commotion there is to-day at Walnut Hill!

Lizzie is opening and shutting her bureau-drawers without appearing to know for what she is seeking, and Jim is helping Susan to bring down a large trunk from the garret, while Becky is out in the yard hanging out all her young mistress's nice dresses, which she has just washed with special care.

"Where are you going, Lizzie? where are you going?" exclaimed Jennie, quite out of breath, for she had run half the way from the village, where she had met one of the servants, who informed her, "Miss Lizzie was a going to leave Ameriky."

There was nothing, however, so startling as

this about to take place, for Lizzie was going no farther than New York ; but the servants, who knew very little about geography, thought that New York was too far off to be reached without crossing the "big water," as they called the ocean.

"I am going to the North, with Uncle James," Lizzie answered, in quite a cool tone, trying to appear as if she thought it only an every-day excursion. It was queer what a dislike she had to appearing ignorant of the world, and how fond she was of astonishing her sisters with her calmness, when mentioning what seemed to them perfectly wonderful.

"O, let me go with you, let me go," exclaimed Jennie, of course.

"Wait till Uncle James invites you," replied Lizzie, with great dignity.

Uncle James Cameron, a kind-hearted old bachelor, had been passing a week at Walnut Hill, and discovered what had escaped the notice of the rest of the family, namely, that his oldest niece was quite out of health and spirits.

If Lizzie could only have learned a little moderation, she might have been perfectly well

at this time ; but she was always tiring herself by doing every thing in just half the time that was needed for its execution. Since Miss Fenwick's departure, she had taken every kind of duty upon herself, and had made great exertions for the good of the family. She felt especial pride in being able to say, that, with Susan's help, she had done nearly all the sewing that was necessary for herself and the children. In order to make this boast, she had been constantly occupied, taking very little time for the exercise which her rapid growth required. The consequence of this imprudence was, that her chest became very weak, and she was attacked with an incessant pain in her side. Her indisposition depressed her spirits ; and while the children were all gone to school, she felt so lonely and miserable, that she would often come out with the wicked speech which always seemed so near her lips, — "I wish I was dead."

Perhaps it was because Lizzie remembered that she had so often said this, that she was so frightened about herself now ; and no wonder ; for He who has the power of life in his hands had heard her wish, and might be about

to punish her by fulfilling it. She certainly grew worse, and, as her family was consumptive, there was every reason to fear that her illness might end in a decline, unless speedily cured.

But Lizzie did not tell her father either that she was not well, or of her loneliness, for she thought to herself, — "Poor man! He has enough of trouble already; and if I am taken away, he will only have one less to provide for and to cause him anxiety." Major Cameron noticed that she was a little pale; but he had settled it in his mind, that, because his children always had been healthy, they would always continue so, and therefore considered little about them.

When Mr. James Cameron mentioned his opinion with regard to Lizzie to her father, and remarked how lonely and wearing such a life of care must be to so young a girl, Major Cameron was aroused to a sense of the danger which threatened his child, and eagerly asked how it could be remedied. As soon as his brother proposed that she should return with him to New York, and pay her Aunt Mary Ludlow a visit, the offer was accepted with

thankfulness, and Lizzie was immediately told of the plan. At first she declared that it was impossible for her to leave home, but Major Cameron would listen to no objections, and Alice willingly promised to fill her sister's place as far as lay in her power.

It was pleasant to see with what readiness all the children declared that they would be as good as they possibly could, if Lizzie would only go to New York ; and the moment that she commenced her preparations, all their little hands were busy in assisting her. Each one, too, offered what they considered most valuable among their own clothing to add to her wardrobe, and declared that they should have no manner of use for it until she returned.

"You must take my shawl, which was mother's, for it is prettier than yours," said Alice, who sat upon the trunk which Jim and Susan had placed in the middle of the room, sewing some lace upon a pack of knit night-caps, which the housekeeper had just sent up, with a variety of other things, from the village.

"And you must have my linen cambric ruffles, which I have never worn," remarked

Mary ; " and do give me some work. I can't sew up seams very well, but I can hem quite nicely. Here, Alice, take my thimble, for you know I never use it."

" I only wish you could wear my clothes, Lizzie," exclaimed Margaret, who was seated on the floor by the bureau, from which her sister was taking out various articles, to see if they needed any mending. " There, let me darn those stockings. You know I only draw up the holes a very little. O, I have just thought of something nice ! You can wear the ring Aunt Margaret gave me, on your little finger."

Before Lizzie had time to decline this offer, Jennie was seen flying out of the room, and returning in triumph with a small box which she always kept hidden. She drew forth from it the blue beads to which she was so fondly attached, and, displaying them with great glee, exclaimed, " You shall take my beads, Lizzie, if you will be careful and not break the string."

The children all burst into a loud laugh at the idea of their sister's appearing in New York thus ornamented ; at which Jennie was so wounded, that she immediately fell to weeping in the most heart-broken manner.

Mary tried to soothe the poor child by telling her that such large girls as Lizzie did not look pretty in beads, no matter how handsome they were; but her tears were not dried till her sister promised to bring her a beautiful wax doll, which should open and shut its eyes, and then peace was restored.

The idea that Lizzy was really ill had driven all selfishness from the hearts of the little girls; but as in the excitement of preparation they forgot why she was about to leave them, less generous ideas entered into their minds. As Alice sat working diligently at her caps, and looking at the many new things which had been bought for her sister, she thought how much care would soon come upon her, and how very lonely she should feel. She had neard of this new plan just as she was sitting down to her morning reading lesson, which, as it was Saturday, had been deferred to a later hour. than usual; and in her confusion her Bible was hastily closed and never once thought of again, so that her devotions were entirely omitted.

It is a proof of the weakness of our nature, that we are sure to do wrong if we omit ask-

ing strength from on high for a single day. Alice began to feel peevish and fretful, and there was a very ugly frown settled upon her fair countenance.

"O, is not this pink muslin beautiful?" exclaimed Lizzie, as she held up one of the new dresses which Major Cameron had just sent up for her inspection. "I only wish it was made up, for I do so long to see how it will look on me; but Uncle James says that he can only wait until Tuesday for me, and I must have a dress-maker when I get to New York. I will write all the new fashions to you, Alice, and then Miss Penniman can make your dresses exactly like mine."

"Thank you! there is no need of your troubling yourself, for I shall have no new things to make up; your old clothes will, I suppose, be good enough for me," replied Alice, with the look and tone of a person who was suffering some great injustice patiently.

"Why, what ails you, Alice?" asked Lizzie, in surprise. "Are you not glad that I am going?"

Before Alice could reply, Mitty interrupted the conversation by saying, in a tone of re-

proof, — "Are you not ashamed, Alice, to be mad because Lizzie has to go away and have a few new things, when you know it is because she has made herself sick sewing for us? I 'll tell you what 's the matter with her, Lizzie, if you 'll come here." As Mary whispered to her sister, she turned a very indignant glance at Alice, who tried to put on an expression of scornful indifference.

"O, she can't be so mean!" exclaimed Lizzie.

Mary did not think that it was as much of a sin for her to dwell upon the error of her sister, and provoke her by whispering about it, as it was to encourage such envious thoughts.

Alice was all ready to lose her temper; and when Margaret said, — "I know what Mary whispered to Lizzie; — she said that Alice wanted to go with Uncle James too, and is mad because she can't have so many pretty things; — I should think she would be ashamed," — the evil spirit was fully roused, and Alice exclaimed passionately, "It is no such thing."

She thought that this was the truth, for when people are angry they never know if they are saying what is correct. "I was trying to do

all I could," she added, "to help Lizzie ; but if she 's so cross, she may finish her old night-caps herself. I wont touch them again."

So saying, she threw her work upon the floor, and, leaving the room, slammed the door after her in a most improper manner. As she flung herself into a chair, her eyes happened to fall on the Bible and text-book, upon the bureau opposite, and she remembered that they had not been used that morning. She was too deeply conscience-stricken to open them now, and sat for some time indulging in wicked thoughts, till she heard her sister cough, and then she remembered that she was ill.

"O, if Lizzie should die !" she said to herself with horror, and then she knew how sinful she had been.

As soon as she was convinced of her own wickedness, Alice knelt down and asked God to forgive her, and then she took her Bible and read a chapter. One of the first verses in it was, — "He that doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother ; for this is the message that we had from the beginning, that we should love one another."

This verse Alice put down in her text-book, with several others, under the head of "Family Affection," and resolved that she would show her love to God more by acts of kindness to those whom he had placed immediately around her. She was so high-spirited, that it was a great trial to her to return into the room where her sisters were, and Mary was so thoughtless as to cry out, when she entered,—"Ally looks quite meek now. She has got a little cooled down." But this was no more than the passionate little girl deserved.

"Sister Lizzie," she said, with a deep blush, "I have done wrong. If you will give me back the work I was sewing, I should be happy to finish it."

"I don't wish your aid," replied Lizzie, coldly; "I can do it myself, though my side does ache so badly."

"Please let me have it, Lizzie," said Alice, in a supplicating tone; "you know we must forgive one another our trespasses"; and she kissed her sister so affectionately, and acknowledged her fault so humbly, that Lizzie was completely overcome, and let her do as she chose.

The rest of the day went on very smoothly, and by the next Tuesday every thing was in readiness for the departure of the young traveller. Although she expected so much pleasure, Lizzie could not leave home without many tears ; and it was amusing to hear how many cautions she gave Alice, and what wise instructions for the management of the family.

"I am sure I don't know how I shall get along without you, my daughter," said the Major, "for I find you are at the bottom of every thing. You have been a great comfort to me, darling, and I hope that God will bless you and restore your health. Take good care of her, James."

How small Alice looked at the head of the table ! Yet she made her father's coffee very nicely, and sat up quite straight. The little ones could not help smiling, when they said, "Please excuse me, Alice," as they left the table to look over their lessons ; but she bore her new honors with great dignity, and the novelty soon wore away.

CHAPTER VI.

LIZZIE'S LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

A LETTER from Lizzie! How delightful! It was so lucky, too, that all the children had just returned from school, when Major Cameron brought it from the post-office, so that they were all right on the spot, when Alice opened it. She did not even stop to see what the seal was, but commenced immediately reading it aloud.

"NEW YORK, *June* 18, 1840.

"Dear Father and Sisters:

"I have so much to say, that I can hardly wait to write it down. Before I had been gone a single day, I had enough in my mind to fill a whole letter; but so many things have happened since, that all that is driven out of my brain, and I scarcely remember now any-

thing about my journey, excepting that we hurried from steamboats to cars, and were detained a night on the road by some accident happening to the engine. We spent two days in Philadelphia, but it rained all the time, so that I did not go out of the house, but sat in the parlour of the hotel alone, reading a book which I had picked up on the table, as quietly as if I were at home.

"It was Saturday evening when we arrived at New York, and I was so tired, that I scarcely noticed anything, except how beautifully the shops looked by gas-light, and how many carriages and omnibuses we passed.

"The next morning, however, I woke fresh as a lark, and free from pain in my side or chest. The brick walls opposite my window did not look quite as pretty as the green fields and oak woods which I can see from my room at home; and I could not think how the people ever knew when the sun rose, for it must be mid-day before he shows his face above those tall houses.

"Aunt Mary came into my room before I was dressed, and seemed just as she used to, and very much like father and Uncle James.

She still keeps her warm Southern manners, but Mr. Ludlow is so quiet and so cold, that I am afraid of him. He has two children near my age, for you know he was a widower when Aunt Mary married him, and at first I did not like them at all. Aunt Mary says they are very glad to see me; but they called me Miss Elizabeth; and when I opened my trunk, Jane stood looking at some of my prettiest things with such a contemptuous expression that I was just ready to cry. When she saw my new dresses, she said that she was glad that they were not made up, for they would not look so countrified as things always do that come from anywhere but New York.

"When I came down dressed for church, she told me, that, if she were in my place, she would not go out till my dresses were made. I had on my best white frock, which you know is very pretty, excepting that it is a little short-waisted; and I was vexed at her manner.

"'I always wear this at home,' I replied; 'and I do not think it right to stay from church for such a reason.'

"'But that is in the country, where anything will do,' said Cousin Jane; 'but it is

quite a different thing here, as you will very soon discover.'

"'Do you not go here to worship the same God?' I asked, in quite a reproving tone. 'If so, what will not dishonor his house in one place is quite suitable for it in another.'

"At this grave speech, Jane looked very queerly, and I saw, as Cousin Tom turned his head towards the window, that he was laughing. I began to be really angry, and was sure that I should never like such rude people; but now I see that they meant to be kind, for they knew how much all the New-Yorkers thought of dress, and wanted their acquaintances to think well of me. When I got to church, I did not wonder so much at what Jane had said; for every body was dressed so much, that it was no wonder that they did not kneel down, lest they should soil such beautiful clothes. I tried to forget where I was, and join in the prayers, but I could think of nothing proper for the place. Perhaps the reason was, that Aunt Mary came into my room in the morning, before I had said my prayers, and I omitted them, because I did not like to kneel down before her, and did not ask, as we

always do on Sunday morning, to be kept from wandering thoughts. I kept thinking how I should have my new dresses made, and looking to see which of the fashions I liked best; and when I saw that nobody, that pretended to be anything, wore fixed-over straw bonnets like mine, I thought whether father could afford to give me a new white one, such as Cousin Jane and the other girls of my age here wear. I suppose that is the reason why, when I put mine on, Jane asked me if it was my best bonnet, and then said that I did very well to put off getting one till I arrived in New York, for every thing is so much prettier and cheaper here.

"When we came home from church, I took out my little Bible, and was beginning to read, when Cousin Tom called to me to come to the window and see the 'real Bowery cut.' And so I hurried there, but only saw some plainly dressed people. By and by, some really ridiculous objects passed, and I began to laugh too. The house is in Broadway, and a constant stream of people went up and down, and so many queer-looking ones, that we got into a frolic and made fun of every body. All

at once Tom exclaimed, in the midst of our sport, — 'Why, Miss Elizabeth, we thought that you were quite a little Methodist this morning. What did you mean by making that solemn speech about going to church, when you are as full of the old one as any of us?'

"This remark quite sobered me, and I thought that it was very true that I had no right to blame others so severely, when so liable to fall into error myself. Tom saw how soberly I looked, but he only laughed again and said, — 'You need not trouble yourself to put on that face, for we see very well, in spite of it, what a witch you are.' I could not help smiling at his funny way, and concluded, that, when people were visiting, there was no use in their trying to spend Sunday properly, for they could not do it, and therefore would not be to blame.

"When the bells rang for service in the afternoon, Jane said that she was too tired to go, though I had not seen anything of her fatigue before; and Tom went out to take a ride, excusing himself by remarking that he was so busy with school every other day, that he had no time for exercise. I was afraid that no one

was going to church, and I did not want to stay at home, for there was so much to be seen there ; but Uncle James, who you know is really a good man, came in prepared to go, and so Aunt Mary concluded to accompany him. All the afternoon I was so full of laughter, that I could scarcely control myself, for I saw some of the most ridiculous-looking people, and could not help thinking of some of Cousin Tom's funny speeches. I do not know that I could have tried harder to be serious when there, but I remembered what Miss Fenwick so often said about going to church in a proper frame of mind, if we wished to be so after our arrival there.

"When we were coming home, who should we see but Miss Fenwick herself, walking soberly down Broadway, accompanied by another lady ? The moment that I saw her, I began to run, forgetting all about the day and the place, and when I met her I could not speak, but burst right into tears. She received me with a great deal of affection, but quieted me in her usual calm way ; and then turning to Aunt Mary, who with Uncle James had just come up with us, she said, — 'Mrs. Ludlow,

I believe. Will you allow your warm-hearted little niece to go home with me, and pass the rest of the day? She seems almost like my own child; and as I leave town to-morrow, I shall not again have a chance of seeing her.'

"'Who is it?' asked Aunt Mary of me, in a low tone.

"'Our dear Miss Fenwick,' I replied, so loud that I am sure she must have heard me.

"'Ah, a sister of William Fenwick; a very proper acquaintance,' murmured Aunt Mary to Uncle James; and then turning to her, she very politely accepted the invitation for me. I was so excited at the meeting, that I saw nothing more of the people whom we passed in going down Broadway, and could scarcely give a connected answer to Miss Fenwick's various inquiries. To relieve me, she commenced talking to the lady with her, whom I found to be Mrs William Fenwick, her sister-in-law. We stopped at a beautiful house on the Battery, for the family are very rich, although I never heard Miss Fenwick say anything about it, when she was with us. As soon as we entered the drawing-room, she said

to her sister, — 'Excuse me, Louisa, if I take my little guest directly to my room. I should not have violated your rule against Sunday visiting, if I had not known that you would be willing to make an exception in Lizzie's favor.'

"When we were seated alone, I could almost imagine myself at home. By and by, Miss Fenwick gave the conversation a serious tone, by asking me how we got on with our text-books. I told her that I thought that Alice and Mary must have continued them, for they had improved very much, and had always some good reason from Scripture to give, for everything they did. She suspected from my answer that I had given up mine, and talked so kindly about it, that I made up my mind to begin it again, as soon as I got home. I told her so, but she asked why I delayed till then. I answered, 'Because it was impossible for me to be good in New York.'

"At this she looked very serious, and said, — 'My dear Lizzie, I fear you will never do right, if you wait till it is entirely convenient. Wherever you are, God is with you; and he knows, that, if your first wish is to serve him,

you will find the means of doing so. There are many temptations, it is true, in a city, especially to a stranger ; but remember, that, though only here for a visit, you will have to give an account for every day. Many persons seem to think, that, when they go away from home, they have got beyond the sphere of God's government, and may sin with impunity. Instead of neglecting reading and prayer, my dear child, you should rise earlier every day, that you may be more upon your guard against the temptations that beset you.'

" It seemed so like old times, to hear Miss Fenwick talking to me thus, that I could not help crying, and exclaimed in my hasty way, —' I wish I could go home now, and take you with me, and then I am sure I should be better than I have ever been.'

" ' Ah, Lizzie !' she replied, shaking her head, ' I shall have no hope of you, till you resolve to do right in your present place and condition, without any *ifs* about it.'

" We were so engaged in talking, that it did not seem an hour when Mrs. Fenwick sent for us to come down to tea. Her children, though dressed very prettily and extremely

polished in their manners, were perfectly simple and unaffected. I began to perceive that living in New York did not necessarily make people worldly, or think of nothing but dress. The tea had been ordered early, that all the family might go to a children's missionary meeting, as the oldest of the little girls belonged to the society. She is about Alice's age, and looks something like her. Although so much younger than I am, I could not help being pleased at her efforts to entertain me, and was really interested in some anecdotes which she told me, of the good which had been effected by the Juvenile Missionary Society.

"I did not, at first, wish to go to the meeting, and told Miss Fenwick that I never liked to hear about the heathen, or poor people, for it always made me feel badly, because I had nothing of my own to give away. She answered, that the prayers of the young were always acceptable, and if their interest was early excited in benevolent objects, they were likely to use more profitably the means which should afterwards be placed at their disposal.

"The sermon was upon the same subject, and I was almost persuaded to lay up all my

spending-money, while I remain in New York, to give to the mission school in China. How Alice and Mary would have liked to have been there ! I did not once think of my new dresses or my shabby bonnet, and Miss Fenwick did not seem to see but that I was perfectly well dressed. She had on herself the same lawn dress which she used to wear so often last summer to the village church.

" But here I am, almost at the end of my letter, and have only told you about the first day that I spent in the city, and here it is Tuesday, just a week since I left home. I shall have to write soon again, for I was so interested in telling about Miss Fenwick, — and I knew the children would be so anxious to hear just what she said, — that I forgot how much more there was to be told. Uncle James continues exceedingly kind, and so are all my relations. Aunt Mary says that she cannot spare me for these two months, and Mr. Ludlow assures me, in his quiet way, that he considers me quite as his own niece. If he would only take off those shell-rimmed spectacles, which make him look so sharp, and smile a little, he would be very pleasant after all.

"Jane is waiting for me to go to the museum, and then to have my pink dress tried on. By the way, the mantua-maker wanted two more yards of it, but by good luck I matched it, or she would not have touched the dress.

"Alice must write me a long letter, and tell me all about father, for I know how he hates letter-writing himself. I miss Susan constantly, and find that I am quite helpless compared with Jane, from having had so many always to wait upon me; still, she knows nothing about sewing, and prides herself upon her ignorance. I think she would be happier, if she was more fond of her needle; for now she spends a great deal of time in looking out of the window, till she gets listless and tired of all the world.

"Remember me to everybody, by no means forgetting the black people. I dare say I shall long very often to be at home, for it seems as if you were all so good and quiet there. I laughed out loud, the other night, after I was in bed, thinking what Jane would have said to have seen me with dear little Jennie's blue beads round my neck. I think the very sight of them would have killed her.

"Alice must try and make father comfort

able; and see if those preserves that I made have enough sugar in them to keep them. I could write for ever, but here I am at the end of my paper, though I have crossed it so that it is scarcely legible. Miss Fenwick is going to write to the children herself, but sent her love, as do all Aunt Mary's family; while I remain, dear father and sisters, though absent,

"Your ever affectionate

"LIZZIE.

"P. S. I forgot that you would be anxious to know about my health. I am apparently well, and cough but little. I am only troubled with my feet, which are blistered from walking about the city in tight shoes. A little rest will soon cure them, but I don't know how to stop."

CHAPTER VII.

GHOST STORIES.

WHILE Lizzie was at home, Margaret and Jennie had always slept in her room; but after she was gone, they removed to a chamber in the attic, next to that occupied by Susan, the nurse. Major Cameron had a little bed-room upon the lower floor, that he might protect the house more effectually; so Alice and Mary were left quite alone in the second story. They did not mind this, however, for their mother had early taken care to free them from all silly fears, and would never allow them to be frightened by the ridiculous stories which the ignorant black children were so fond of telling them. But though not afraid of any harm, Alice often felt lonely when she awoke in the night and thought that Lizzie was far away.

One night, in particular, our little friend was very restless, and could scarcely banish the mournful reflections that forced themselves upon her mind; and the wind, which whistled around the house very loudly on account of its elevated situation, filled her with sadness. She whispered to Mary softly, to see if she was awake; but finding that she slept soundly, resolved not to be so selfish as to disturb her. "I will repeat some hymns," she said to herself, and commenced her favorite: —

"O Thou, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it looks to thee!
O, burst its bonds and set it free!"

It is singular how easily, in the silence of the night, we can remember words which we were scarcely conscious before that we knew. Alice found that she could repeat a great many more hymns than she supposed when she began, and then she tried to remember the ninety-first Psalm. It is a very sweet one, and she commenced feeling a delightful sense of God's protecting presence, as she said to herself, —

"He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust.

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

"Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

No children can repeat this sweet Psalm and understand it, without feeling sure, that, if they love God, he will keep them from all harm, and that they have nothing else to dread in this world, but the sins which offend their Almighty Creator. Alice loved to think of the goodness of God, and exclaimed now, —

"If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me,
And fast as my moments roll on,
They but bring me the nearer to thee."

There are some persons who do not consider the thought contained in the last line of this pretty verse a pleasant one, for they do not wish to be reminded that every moment of time brings them closer to another world and to their Heavenly Father. But Alice hoped that this great Being was her friend and had forgiven all her sins for Christ's sake, so she longed for the time to come when she could see him face to face. Often, in praying to him, and thinking of the joy which he was

preparing for his children when they should be with him and free from sin and temptation, she forgot all about this world and seemed to catch a glimpse of heaven. She could say the last chapters of Revelation by heart, and she was very fond of them, because they gave her a description of the place in which she hoped that her departed mother now was, and where she expected one day to meet her again. If troubled, she was soothed by the thought that "*there* shall be no more sorrow or pain"; if she wept, she remembered that God would "*there* wipe away all tears"; and when the night filled her heart with solemnity, she recalled the promise that "there should be no night there, and they need no candle, neither the light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light."

If Alice could always have kept in her mind these blessed promises and refrained from sin, she would have found a heaven upon earth; but, alas! such seasons of peace were only given her to cheer her on in the warfare with her own evil heart.

While indulging in these sweet thoughts, Alice was startled by a scream which seemed

to proceed from the apartment occupied by the younger children. Without thinking for a moment whether there could be any danger to herself, she jumped up hastily and felt her way in the dark to the foot of the stairs. The screaming continued constant while she ascended, until she stepped upon a spool of cotton, which rolled under her foot and came near throwing her down the whole flight of stairs. By catching hold of the railing she saved herself, but in doing so came down upon her foot in so awkward a position, that her ancle was turned, and she found it almost impossible to rise. But she thought only of her sisters, and, without calling for assistance, managed with extreme difficulty to stand, and hopping upon one foot reached the children's room.

"Who is it? who is it?" shrieked Jennie, in a wild manner, as she heard her sister's irregular step.

"No one but me, your sister Alice," she replied. "Has anything hurt you, darling? are you sick? what makes you scream so?"

"O, I am so frightened!" whispered Jennie, between her sobs, as Alice sat down upon

the bed beside her ; " there has been a ghost in the room ; there ! there ! I see it now ! " and again she hid her face under the bed-quilt, uttering terrible shrieks.

" Tell me where it is, and let me see what has alarmed you," said Alice, calmly.

" There ! there ! in the corner by the closet," she answered, without uncovering her head.

Although Alice could not move without great pain, she hobbled across the room to the spot pointed out, and discovered a white dress hanging against the wall, which the moonlight had made visible.

" Why, Jennie ! are you so afraid of Lizzie's old dress ? " she asked, laughing in spite of the agony which she was suffering. " There are no such things as ghosts ; and if there were, why should you be afraid of them ? Nothing can hurt you without God's permission ; and if you pray to him, he will always take care of you."

" Yes, there are ghosts," said Jennie, somewhat encouraged by this discovery, so that she dared to peep from under the bed-quilt ; " James saw one all in white, with eyes like

fire, and Dick saw one just before he died. Nobody lives long after they have seen a ghost."

"What foolish ideas! But if that were the truth, Jennie, what reason is there for being so frightened? We must all die, some time or other; and if God chooses to call us away when we are young, it may be because he sees that we should become bad, if he were to leave us to grow up. To die is only to go where we can see Christ, and be always happy and holy. Ask him now to quiet your mind, and then go to sleep, and his angels will be around you till morning."

"But you must stay with me, — don't go," —exclaimed Jennie, catching hold of her sister, and beginning to scream again. Margaret, who had slept very soundly, from some paregoric which she had taken to quiet a violent toothache, now awoke and asked what was the matter. Alice told her quietly that Jennie had got a little frightened, and she soon fell fast asleep again.

"Now I must go down, Jennie, for my foot pains me so badly that I can scarcely move. I am no protection to you, because anything

that would hurt you could injure me quite as easily."

As Alice said this she tried to rise, but found it impossible. "Jennie, you must go and call Susan to carry me down," she said, quite faint from the effort that she had made to stand.

"Susan is away, Alice, and that is the reason why I was so frightened. Perhaps it wont hurt you so much, if you sit still a little longer," replied Jennie.

"Then I fear you will have to go and call father up," said Alice; "take fast hold of the baluster, and then you will not fall."

"O, I dare not! I could not to save my life, Alice, stir a step in the dark"; and Jennie began to cry at the thought.

Alice was just going to wake Margaret, when she saw that her little flushed cheek was badly swollen with the toothache, from which she had been suffering, and which would probably come on again, if she should get up and go down stairs. The generous sister thought that it would be better for her to bear pain herself, than to run the chance of giving it to another; so she gave up all idea of disturbing

Margaret, and resolved to make one more effort to move Jennie.

"Now, my child, listen to me," she said; "there is no possibility of there being any one in the house, as the dog is at the door, and they must pass by father to come to us. If you go down and call him, something may be done for me to-night, so that I may soon use my foot again; but if it is left till to-morrow, it will probably be so swelled, that I shall not be able to step upon it for weeks. It was in coming to your assistance that it was sprained, and you will feel very sorry if it is worse, because you did not try and conquer your fears. I shall hear you, if you make the slightest noise, and it will only be half a minute before you are in father's room."

No persuasions, however, could induce Jennie to go, though she was very sorry for her sister, but she kept repeating, — "I am so frightened, that I could not if I was to die for it."

Poor Alice gave up the attempt in despair, and lay down beside Jennie, where she remained till morning, trying not to groan, but she was in such distress that it was almost im-

possible to help it. She had not closed her eyes since the accident happened, when Susan came into the room in the morning and was much surprised at finding her there. The faithful nurse was distressed at her sad condition, and taking her up in her arms carried her down to her own bed, and called Major Cameron to see her swollen ankle. He sent immediately for the doctor, and blamed Jennie very severely for not having called him in the night. Alice interceded in her behalf, and told him that it was not so much her fault as that of the servants, who had filled her mind with the silly superstitions, which, if her mother had been living, she would never have heard.

Margaret, when questioned about the stories which Jennie said that black Jim had told them, gave an account of the manner in which the evening previous had been spent, and Alice no longer wondered that the little timid girl had allowed herself to become so frightened while lying awake alone in the night, when she remembered her own gloomy feelings, at first, in listening to the sighing of the wind.

Major Cameron, the night before, had brought home an amusing story, which he

wished Alice and Mary by turns to read aloud to him, as much for their own improvement as for his pleasure. While they were thus employed, Margaret and Jennie had been up stairs, helping Susan to piece her quilt, and telling her all about their school and one of the girls, with whose bad behaviour they were quite disgusted. It was fortunate that Susan was such a prudent servant, or she might have made a world of mischief, for the children did not always remember, that "he who repeateth a matter separateth very friends"; and their strong imaginations often made them give such descriptions of things that daily happened, as bordered upon untruth. They did not mean to say anything which was not strictly correct, but they were too apt to give their own ideas as to what they were telling, or about the motives of others, and this is always a bad habit.

About eight o'clock, Susan put up her pieces, and told the children that she had her master's permission to go and sit up with Mrs. Franklin's Sally, a black woman who lived near them and had been very ill.

Before leaving them, she gave Margaret some paregoric for her tooth, which had com-

menced aching badly, and stopped at the kitchen to make a mustard plaster to put on her face, which she sent up to her by little black Jim, of whom all the children were very fond. Margaret and Jennie now begged him to stay a little while, for they had been telling each other foolish stories which they had heard at school, until they were almost afraid of the sound of their own voices. Jim, who saw how frightened they were, liked to add to his own consequence by increasing their fears, and replied to Jennie's entreaties, — "O, I dares not, Missie. Don't you hear that sound?"

"What, what?" asked Jennie, drawing nearer to him.

"Why, coming down the chimney," he replied, shrugging his shoulders and looking towards the fireplace with a very timid air.

"O, that 's only the wind," answered Margaret, in quite a brave tone.

"I does not mean that, Miss Meggy. Does you hear that moaning up there, something like old Tray's yell, when he died?"

"O, yes! it is awful!" said Jennie and Margaret, in a breath; "what makes it?"

"I dares n't tell; I 's feared you 'll tell Mass Frank on me."

"O, no! we wont," said the little girls, — their eyes wide open with eager expectation.

"Then say, 'Indeed and double,' and clench hands."

"We must not," replied Margaret; "for Miss Fenwick told us it would lead to swearing, and nobody would believe us with it who would not without it."

"Then I can't tell you," said Jim, sullenly, pretending that he was going to leave the room.

"I 'll say it, Jim, I 'll say it," cried Jennie, in great distress.

"Well, then, Missy," began Jim, crouching down on the floor in his own peculiar manner; "them howlings is the cries of folks what have come to their death by violence. They always lives around the places where they was murdered."

"But surely nobody has been killed here," almost shrieked the children.

"I don't know," replied Jim, shaking his head very mysteriously; "there is a man buried in the field opposite, and there never

has no grass grown on his grave ; and that 's the way they says it always does, when a man has been murdered."

" O, I shall never dare to look that way again ! " exclaimed Jennie. " Did you ever go that way in the night ? "

" Once, and I shall never dare go again," said Jim, showing all his teeth in a ghastly grin.

" What did you see ? " asked Jennie, dreading yet longing for the answer.

" You remember, if you tell after you have clenched hands, the Old One will have you, Missie," said Jim, soberly.

" Yes, yes ! " said Jennie, impatiently.

" Well, then, I seen a ghost, with eyes of fire, a dancing right on the grave, and it kept a screaming out, ' Come and jine me ! come and jine me ! ' and I never have been well since."

It is no wonder that Major Cameron was very much displeased, when he heard these ridiculous stories. He was for whipping Jim immediately for telling such falsehoods, till Mary reminded him that the boy perhaps did not know any better himself, and had only been

trying to amuse the children in the best way that he knew, by repeating what some of the other servants might have made him believe.

The Major then requested Alice not to forget, in teaching the little black children, to show them the folly and wickedness of such notions ; and she promised to do all in her power to teach them to fear nothing but the great Creator, and the sins which would offend him.

When the physician arrived, he pronounced the sprain a very bad one ; but Alice did not murmur, when he said that it was probable that she would be obliged to give up going to school for several weeks.

Her pleasant thoughts during the night had prepared the little sufferer to bear her misfortune patiently, and she had already learned to rely upon the promise of her Heavenly Father, that "all should work together for good to those who love him."

CHAPTER VIII.

OLDER SISTERS.

"I SHALL get all *fours* to-day, in my behaviour book," said Mary Cameron, in a very decided tone, as she walked towards school with her sisters on Monday morning.

Ah! Mary has forgotten that "he who thinketh he standeth must take heed lest he fall."

"I shall try not to get any *threes* this week, too," said Margaret, in a more modest tone.

"I don't care how many I get," said Jennie, tossing up her bonnet in the air, instead of keeping it upon her head. "If I can only have a nice play-time at noon, I don't mind much what happens in school."

Mary seemed, for the first two hours after school commenced, in a fair way to have noth-

ing but the highest number upon her book ; for she recited her geography lesson perfectly, and did not miss one word in her spelling. Her writing, too, looked uncommonly well, and she was just finishing the last line, when Sarah Carter asked Mr. Johnson if she might go out in the porch to wash her slate, and, as she did so, beckoned to Mary to make some excuse to follow her. In her hurry to get through her writing, Mary filled her pen too full of ink, and a great blot was the consequence. She tried in vain to rub it out, for she was too impatient to get a penknife, and the little wet paper with which she tried to remove it only made a larger spot around the first. She was in despair, but happening to remember how she had seen some of the girls manage to hide blots when they handed their books to the teacher, and as this one was on the corner of the page, she tried their plan of holding it up to Mr. Johnson with her thumb over the unfortunate place. He was quite busy in correcting a composition, and, looking at it only a moment, said, "O, very neat! That page certainly deserves four."

Mary returned to her desk, delighted with

the success of her plan, for she did not think that the deception which she had just practised had been written down above, and would one day be brought out against her by Him in whose pure sight an acted untruth is as sinful as if it were spoken out in the plainest words. If she had remembered that his all-seeing eye was upon her, she would not have asked, as she did a moment afterwards, to be allowed to go and get a block to put under her desk to prevent it from moving; for, although it was unsteady, this was only an excuse to join her companion in the porch.

As soon as Mary appeared, Sarah, who had been impatiently waiting for her with her hands filled with toys, which she exhibited with great glee, said, — "I have brought all my doll things in my dinner-basket, besides these which I kept in my pocket."

"So have I," said Mary; "and we can have a nice baby-house together, can't we?"

"Yes!" answered Sarah; "and all the rest of the girls have their playthings too, and we are going to fix the school-room this noon like a village, with the desks in two rows through it, for a street, and each one of them is

to be a house ; and you and I will keep ours together."

"How delightful !" exclaimed Mary ; "but then Jennie and Margaret will be coming to it, and they always put every thing out of order."

"No, indeed ! they must not," replied Sarah, in a very dictatorial tone ; "the little girls always play in the yard at noon, and we are going to keep them all out there to-day. Hark ! I hear Mr. Johnson coming !

At the approach of her teacher, Sarah thrust all her playthings into her pocket, and commenced washing her slate ; while Mary searched for a block, which she soon found, and carrying it into the school, she seemed very much in earnest in making her desk stand even. She was, however, so much occupied in thinking of the play-spell at noon, that, when she sat down to write her composition, she hurried over it, without thinking whether the words were spelt correctly, and was very impatient to have it looked over.

"Mary Cameron," said Mr. Johnson, as he finished reading the ill-written sentences, "you can have only two marks for this composition. It is very poorly composed, and

you have spelt *any* twice e-n-n-y, and I told you that I should mark you for that mistake, if you ever made it again."

Mary took back her slate in a very passionate manner, and returned to her seat, where she sat for some moments doing nothing, till Mr. Johnson noticed her idleness and said, quite sternly, — "Mary, you have wasted nearly a quarter of an hour, and had better do something quickly, or you will have a cipher for Attention, for you have already lost one mark for it."

At this information, Mary was very angry and burst into tears, which was the worst thing she could do, as thereby she lost another mark for Deportment, and unfitted herself for the rest of her studies. When school was out, she had missed two more lessons, from being so much out of temper; and was in such wretched ill-humor, that she even refused to join in the play which she had anticipated with so much pleasure. When, however, she saw all the other girls arranging their baby-houses, her sad feelings were in part dispelled, and she assisted Sarah Carter in arranging theirs.

"Come, Eliza Carter," said Jennie to Sa-

rah's younger sister, who was about her age; "let us look at Mary and Sarah's baby-house, for I suppose it will be ours too. Is not this a pretty little thing for their bed-room?" she asked, as she took up a little bureau of painted pasteboard, which was the pride of Mary's heart.

"Let that alone, wont you?" said Mary, in a cross tone.

"You can touch this table, for it is Sarah's," remarked Eliza Carter, as she handed out a little wooden table from the desk to her companion.

"No she can't either," said Sarah, in an equally cross tone with that which Mary had just used. "You always stay on the playground at noon, and you would be there now, if you did not think that you must be hanging around to see what we big girls are about. Out of the school-room, every one of you!"

"I am not going to mind you!" said Jennie, looking very resolute and very ugly.

"But you must me," said Mary; "for you know father says that he shall punish you and Margaret, if you don't do all that I tell you, while Alice has to stay away from school; and I say you must not stay here."

Major Cameron had really told the younger children to mind Mary while they were away from home, so they did not now dare to disobey her, but walked sullenly towards the door.

Eliza Carter still remained by the desk, inspecting its contents, till Sarah twitched a doll, which she was looking at, out of her hand, and said, — "If you don't go this moment with Jennie out of the room, I 'll put you out."

"But mother would not like to have me stand on the ground with my sore throat today, for you know there has been a shower, and my shoes are thin," answered Eliza.

She did not, indeed, look well, for she was very thin and pale, and her throat was bound round with a flannel. Mary began to feel sorry for her, and to see very plainly, in Sarah's case, how wrong it was for her to be so unkind to her little sister, though she had not thought of it in her own, when she sent Margaret and Jennie away.

"O, let Eliza stay," she said in a pleasanter tone ; "for she wont do any hurt. She is not troublesome, as my sisters are."

"But then they 'll think that they ought to be here too, if Eliza stays," replied Sarah ;

"and it wont hurt her to play out this warm day. Run away, and I 'll give you something that you will like," she added, not exactly liking to execute her threat of putting her sister out by force.

Eliza was more easily coaxed than scolded into obedience, and, though somewhat reluctantly, followed the little Camerons to the playground, where they stood for some time looking wistfully in at the windows, until they occupied themselves in trying to find some way of fixing a baby-house out-doors, after the plan which the older girls were carrying on in the school-room. The ground was very damp, and Eliza coughed several times during the afternoon ; but Sarah thought it was only to frighten her, and looked at Mary and laughed contemptuously, every time that she did it.

When the school closed, Mary Cameron found that she had a worse report than she had ever had before, and was heartily ashamed when she remembered the boast which she had made upon her way to school in the morning. There was some truth in the remark which Margaret made when they were going home ; but she should not have made it then, for it only provoked her sister.

"Do you know, Mary," she asked, "the reason that you have lost so many marks today? Don't you remember that Miss Fenwick always told us, 'a bad Sabbath would make a bad week'? You played a great deal yesterday, and when you came down late to breakfast this morning, I could not help thinking of it."

Margaret found it rather easier to detect the causes of her sister's errors than to cure her own. She had, however, succeeded very well in her studies, from diffidence of herself, which placed her upon her guard, and had lately conquered some of her worst habits. We cannot expect children to get over faults all at once, which many do not cure during a long life; and a want of charity for others is one of those which even the old find it hard to overcome.

But have you forgotten, all this while, that Alice sprained her foot? She, poor child! has had reason enough to remember it; for although it is nearly a month since it happened, she has not yet been able to walk across her room. It seems almost a year since she went to school, although the children told her all that happened every day, and

many of her schoolmates had been to see her. Fanny Martin was the very first that called after the accident, for she had a grateful heart, and, owing to the good example which Alice set, the girls treated her much more kindly. Alice was glad to see them all, but sometimes her confinement was tiresome ; and when Mary brought fresh flowers to place on her bureau, she longed to see them once more upon their stems, especially Lizzie's roses and jessamine, which she had promised to watch during her absence. Sometimes, too, when her foot gave her pain, she would be quite irritable, and then Mary would remark, — " You used to say that you could be good if you were alone, but I don't see that you grow any better by being so much by yourself, and reading the Bible so many hours every day."

Mary had never been confined to her room for long weeks, and did not know how hard it is to preserve a kind and cheerful spirit, when suffering from weakness and pain.

If Alice had complained more, all the family would have pitied her ; but she was so patient, and made so light of her misfortune, that they forgot how serious a one it really was.

All the children, it is true, missed her at school, where she had been their pride; and sometimes in the morning, when Mary had placed the cushions under her foot and put every thing she would want on the little table beside her, the tears would come into her dark eyes, as she kissed her, saying, "Dear Alice, I do indeed wish you were well enough to go with us."

But when the children were away, they had little time to think of their suffering sister; and Major Cameron himself, after he had seen that Alice was made comfortable for the day, went about his business without thinking how she employed the time of his absence. He was surprised, one day, on returning home at an earlier hour than usual, to find his daughter with her head resting upon her hands in an attitude of deep dejection.

"What ails you, Ally?" he asked affectionately. "Have you the headache, or does your foot pain you?"

"No, father; I am only a little weak to-day," she replied, without raising her head; but the sound of her voice showed that she had been weeping.

"My poor child!" said Major Cameron, sorrowfully, as he raised her head and kissed her affectionately; "you have been sad and lonely, and I have never thought of it before. Forgive me, my daughter, for being so inconsiderate, for I scarcely deserve the name of a father."

Alice could not bear to see her father unhappy, and therefore attempted to reply cheerfully, — "O, I am not often so very lonely, for Susan sits with me all the time that she can spare, and I have had plenty of good books to read, so that much of my time has passed very pleasantly. My eyes have not been weak till the last few days, and I have been able still to repeat over a great many hymns and verses to myself, so I have no reason to complain."

Major Cameron loved his daughter for this effort to make the best of her solitary condition, but he saw, nevertheless, how much she needed occupation and amusements. "One of your sisters must stay at home with you," he said, "till you are better, to read to you and prevent you from taxing your eyes so constantly. Which would you prefer?"

"O, that would not be at all worth while," exclaimed Alice. "They are so fond of going to school, that it would be a pity to keep them at home for me. I am very sorry that I was so silly as to give way to my feelings, but I will try for the future to have more patience and self-command."

Major Cameron, however, would not listen to Alice's urgent request, that her sisters might not any of them be kept at home on her account, but asked if she would not prefer Mary.

"O, no!" she said; "for the little ones could not do as well without her. If one must stay, let it be Jennie, for I might hear her lessons, and then she would not lose as much from being absent from school."

"That will be a good plan," said the Major, who thought that the occupation of teaching her sister might amuse Alice. "On the whole, I am glad to have some excuse for removing Jennie, for she is getting quite rude from being at a public school, and you always have a happy influence over her."

This arrangement being made, Alice found ample occupation for the rest of the day in devising plans for the instruction of her pupil.

She made up her mind to go on as regularly as if there were a whole school, and was really impatient to look over her lessons, that she might explain them with more ease. The first thing that she did was to fold up some paper for a behaviour-book, and rule it for several weeks; and then her father wrote down the different studies that Jennie would pursue, and the days of the week. This was hardly completed before the children returned from school.

Mary came home somewhat out of humor from her unfortunate day at school, but Jennie and Margaret were quite lively. When Alice informed her little sister that she was to remain at home, she began to object very strongly to the arrangement; but the moment that Alice said, in a sorrowful tone, — "It is father's plan, not mine, Jennie; I should never have wished you to stay at home for my comfort," her warm heart was touched, and she threw her arms around Alice's neck, saying, — "I did not mean to be cross about it, Ally, for I am sure I shall be happier at home with you than at school. Mary and the big girls wont let me play with them, but here I can do just as I choose."

Jennie then entered into a recital of the grievances of the day, to which Alice listened very attentively till the bell for tea put an end to the conversation.

CHAPTER IX.

POOR LITTLE ELIZA CARTER.

THE next morning two seats were empty in Mr. Johnson's school, one of which had been occupied by Eliza Carter, and the other by Jennie Cameron. Sarah Carter informed her teacher that her little sister was not well enough to venture out; but she told Mary Cameron, in confidence, that she did not believe there was anything the matter with Eliza, only she had persuaded her mother to let her stay at home, by talking so much about her sore throat. A few days afterwards, however, Sarah came to school with her eyes very much swollen, as if she had been crying all night; and then she informed the girls that Eliza had the scarlet fever, and the physician thought it was doubtful whether she would ever get well.

The children were of course all struck with horror at this news, but still none of them could realize that it was possible for Eliza to die. They knew that children were sometimes taken away, and they had heard it said that some whom they had seen were now dead ; but they could not believe it possible for one from among themselves, who was a few days before so full of life, to be carried to the silent grave. Even when told that Eliza was worse, they continued to talk about what they should do when she was well ; and were as much shocked when at last the tidings came that she was dead, as if they had never even known of her being sick.

The whole of Mr. Johnson's school attended Eliza Carter's funeral, dressed in white, with black ribands upon their arms ; and there were many wet eyes, as they went up, one by one, to take a last look of the little pale face in the narrow coffin. Neither could any of them keep from weeping at the grave, when they heard poor Sarah's sobs, for it seemed as if her heart was broken. Even after the last prayer was said, she could not be persuaded to leave the spot ; and when some one said that the ground

was too damp for her to remain longer upon it, she almost shrieked out, — "So it was damp when I made Eliza stay out upon it. I put her in the grave by my unkindness; and now I want to lie down beside her."

Mr. Carter was obliged at last to take the poor girl up in his arms and place her in the carriage, from which she was lifted out and carried into the house almost insensible.

It was no wonder, if, after seeing such a distressing scene, the girls at Mr. Johnson's school were not as lively as usual. For many days, instead of playing together at noon, they would assemble in little groups, and talk about Eliza, and wonder where she now was. None of the children could remember ever having heard her speak of dying, or of another world; and now it seemed strange that nothing had been said of it before, and they thought it impossible that they should ever forget how suddenly they too might be taken out of this life.

Mary Cameron and her little sisters were made even more serious than the rest by this sad event, for they had been taught what a fearful thing it is to go out of this world without being prepared for heaven, and they could

not help asking themselves if their example and conversation had been such as to fit their little companion for eternal happiness. Jennie remembered that she had encouraged Eliza in speaking unkindly of her sister on the day when Sarah would not permit her to remain in the school-room; and Margaret could not forget touching her foot to prevent her from telling Mr. Johnson about something that she had done, thus leading her to deceive their kind teacher.

When Alice heard, some weeks after this melancholy event, that Sarah Carter remained in very poor health, and was so miserable that nothing could cheer her, she regretted much that her foot still continued too lame to pay her a visit. She begged Mary and Margaret to go and see if they could not do her some good, and carry her a bouquet of their prettiest flowers, which she used to admire.

"O, I can't, indeed," said Mary, at first; "she feels so badly, and the house will remind me so of the day that we went there to poor Eliza's funeral, that I am sure that I shall do nothing but cry."

"Never mind that," replied Alice; "you

will only be fulfilling the command, to weep with those that weep; and it is sometimes very good for us to see suffering, that we may be thankful for our own blessings. I have thought sometimes that it was hard for me to be shut up here; but when I think now how much worse it would be to lose one of my sisters, I feel that I have no right to complain."

"Can't you go alone, Mary?" asked Margaret; "I am so much younger than Sarah, that she wont want to see me, and I can't bear to go where people feel badly."

"O, let me go," said Jennie, who scarcely thought where her sisters were going, from the habit of always begging to accompany them the moment that they stirred from home. As Margaret was very quick to feel, it did seem a pity to take her where she would be too much affected to give any consolation, and so Mary, for the sake of company, granted Jennie's request, on condition that she should behave herself, and be very sober.

It was Saturday afternoon when Mary and Jennie rang at Mr. Carter's door, and were shown up stairs into the little bed-room which the sisters used to occupy together. Mrs.

Carter was still ill from the fatigue and sorrow which she had undergone, and her husband was absent on necessary business, so that Sarah felt doubly sad. She looked very miserable, and was occupied in putting away, in one of the bureau-drawers, all the playthings which had belonged to Eliza. The moment that she saw Mary and Jennie Cameron, she burst into tears, and continued weeping so bitterly, that the children did not know what to say to her.

At length Mary put her arm around the neck of the little mourner, and whispered in a faltering voice, — "Don't cry, Sarah, for perhaps Eliza is in heaven. Alice says that she has heard, that, while she was sick, she asked if God would forgive little girls who had never thought anything about him ; and all the while she did not speak, she might have been preparing to die."

"O, it is not that, it is not that that troubles me," replied Sarah, sobbing bitterly. "Don't you remember how I made her stand outdoors the last day she went to school, and how cross I was to her ?"

"But you did not think," said Mary, sooth-

ingly, "that it would hurt her, and you know that her throat was sore before, so that she would probably have had the scarlet fever at any rate."

"Perhaps so," replied Sarah, sadly; "but I would give the world if I had never spoken so cross to her. I remember now every unkind word that I ever said, and you cannot think how wretchedly it makes me feel."

Mary did not wonder that such remembrances should make her friend miserable, and, after trying in vain to comfort her, she began to cry too. Jennie, who always liked to do as her sisters did, looked at them for a moment with wondering, tearful eyes, and then burst into such a fit of sympathetic weeping, that Mary could with difficulty put a stop to her noisy sorrow.

After leaving Mr. Carter's, the children walked some distance upon their way home without uttering a single word, till at length Mary said, very soberly, — "I am sorry, Jennie, that I made you go out of the schoolroom that day when we were fixing our baby-houses. I have been thinking how often I have been unkind to my sisters, and how wretchedly

it would make me feel if one of them were to die, like poor Eliza. I hope I shall do better for the future."

Mary had truly profited by her visit, if she had learned that we ought always to live as if we were one day ourselves to die, and to treat others as if they were liable soon to be taken from us.

Margaret was sitting with Alice when her sisters returned, in her little chamber, which she was not yet able to leave, although her foot was so much better, that she could walk across the room without pain. Both of the little girls saw from Mary's countenance that she had had a very sad visit, and asked her to tell them all about it. Alice could not hear without tears of the mournful condition of her former schoolmate, and how bitterly she reproached herself for her treatment of her sister; and the same thought came into her mind which had weighed so heavily upon Mary.

"While we live," said Mary, as she finished her sad story, "do let us try and act more as if we loved one another. I have resolved never again to say an unkind word to one of my sisters."

Alice had made the same resolution in her own heart, but she had become so convinced of her weakness, that she had lost the self-reliance which formerly had made her so liable to err. She now said, humbly, — "I will try, too, to be more patient with you all; but you must bear with me, if I forget my resolution. I fear we shall all be apt to break it, unless we ask strength from God. Let us each of us remember in our prayers to-night to beg that he will grant us the spirit of peace, and make us 'take heed to our ways, that we offend not with our tongues.'"

Although the conversation had been a very sad one, the children felt more happy after making this resolution than they had done for a great many nights, as they sat in the twilight listening to a story, which Alice told them she had read that day, of a very bad-tempered child, who by self-control became so amiable that every body loved her.

When Major Cameron came up to see his little daughter, she had not yet finished the narrative, so he told her to go on, while he himself took up a newspaper. He did not read, however, but listened to the kind way in

which Alice was instructing her sisters, and felt thankful to the providence of God which was guiding his children onward in that path of peace which he had not yet sought to enter.

When the story was finished, and they began to talk about Lizzie, he dropped his paper, and, taking Jennie upon his knee, joined in the conversation.

They all wondered why they had not heard lately from her ; but they were not over-anxious about her welfare, for Alice had taught them that it was a duty not to be afraid of evil tidings, and they were naturally too full of hope to stand much in need of this good counsel.

That night the little girls kissed each other with more affection than they had ever done before, and not one of them forgot to pray that they might live more as the children of the same Heavenly Father. This petition was made in sincerity and truth, and with a firm belief that God would be more willing to grant than they to ask such a blessing. Their faith was not vain, for the spirit of love and peace descended into all their hearts.

CHAPTER X.

LIZZIE'S RETURN HOME.

A FEW days only had elapsed since the events recorded in the last chapter, when Major Cameron came home with the welcome intelligence, that he had received a letter from Lizzie, containing the joyful tidings of her speedy return. He also insinuated that there was some other very good news, which he would not tell them till they had all guessed what it was to be.

"I know!" exclaimed Jennie; "it is that Lizzie has bought the wax doll that she promised me."

"What an idea!" said Mary, rather contemptuously, for the moment either forgetting her good resolutions, or not knowing that her manner was unkind. "Father means that it is

something that will please us all ; I guess it is that Lizzie has regained her health."

"Is that all ?" said Margaret, in a tone of disappointment.

"That is true," replied the Major, smiling ; but he still held the letter closed in his hands, as he said, "One more guess, and then I will tell you."

Alice, who had come down stairs that morning for the first time since her fall, and was lying on the sofa to rest after the exertion, now started up, and, clasping her hands, eagerly exclaimed, — "Can it be ? Miss Fenwick ! Can it be that she is coming back ?"

"Ah ! your little warm heart is the prophet, after all, my darling," replied Major Cameron, with a smile that made Alice sure that she was correct ; "here, take the letter and read it to your sisters, as you have come nearest to the truth."

Alice's hands trembled so that she could scarcely unfold the epistle ; and she was so agitated with joyful anticipation, that the children declared that they could not hear a word that she read ; so Major Cameron took back the letter and commenced it again.

"Dear father, dear sisters, — I never loved you all so well before in the world as I do now; and I can scarcely contain my joy, when I tell you that in two weeks more I expect to be at home. I have some other news, too, which will be very delightful to the children, but I will put it off a little while, as I am sure that I have told you enough already to make you all as happy as I am.

"I wrote two long letters some time since, to be sent with a package which a friend of Uncle James was going to carry to the South; but he discovered that it had been left through mistake; so you must have been wondering what had become of me. I cannot go over now the account which I gave in them of my employments for the last two months; but I shall have such a budget to tell, as will keep the children amused through many of the long evenings next winter; and I know even father will smile at some of my adventures in the city.

"You remember that I did not much like Jane, at first, and before I had been here long, we had a right-down quarrel about country people and the South. She made fun of me,

because I talked so much about the servants, and spoke of them so familiarly, and said she should think that they were my intimate friends. I could not stand this, and so I told her that Susan had more sense than half the ladies whom I had seen in New York. She seemed to think, after I had made this speech, that I was a perfect goose ; but Cousin Tom took my part, though this only made the matter worse. Aunt Mary blamed her before me, but then she talked about 'hot Southern blood,' and I saw that it troubled her because her own niece and her husband's daughter did not agree better, and I began to feel very unhappy and homesick.

"I was sitting alone in the parlour one morning, in one of my very worst moods, when the door opened and our dear Miss Fenwick came in. I did not know that she was in the city, so you may imagine how delighted I was. Before she hardly had time to ask about you all, I had told her the whole story of my grievances, — how Jane and I quarrelled, and how heartless New York people were, and what a pity it was that I ever left home.

"She listened to my story as patiently as she always used to do to our complaints, and after compassionating me very kindly, she began to show me wherein I had been myself to blame. She then asked what I had been doing since she left, and at first I found it hard to tell, as I had wasted so much of my time in looking out of the window, and walking up and down Broadway shopping for things I did not want.

"I could not think of a single book that I had read, or any sewing that I had done; and for the first time remembered what she had told me before, of my being as much accountable for the days I spent while visiting, as if they were passed at home. When I had scraped together all that I had done or seen which could possibly be of any benefit to me, she replied with that sorrowful smile which she always used to have when we had done wrong and she did not want to blame us severely.

"'I see, Lizzie, what is the matter with you. This constant dissipation has put your mind into a very bad state, and it was impossible that you should be otherwise than unhappy. I should be sorry if it were not so, for

our Creator has kindly ordered this uneasiness of mind when we are not living according to his will, for the same reason that we are made uncomfortable by food which is not good for us. Nothing will ever content you, my child, until you obey his commands ; and when you seek pleasure in constant excitement and forgetfulness of serious things, you will always become unhappy.'

" ' But it is all the fault of this hateful New York,' I exclaimed ; ' and I wish that I was out of it, or that Cousin Jane was not such a provoking girl.'

" Miss Fenwick blamed me very much for speaking so hastily ; and after a long conversation, I promised to try if I could not enjoy the remainder of my visit here by living more as if I must account for the manner in which my time was passed.

" The next morning I reopened my neglected Bible, and read in it nearly an hour before breakfast ; and when Cousin Jane came down into the dining-room, and said some very provoking things, I did not feel in the least inclined to reply to them. After breakfast, I went out shopping for Aunt Mary, though at

first I disliked the idea of walking so early in the morning; but the effort did me good, and I bought some white plaid muslin to make some aprons for Jennie and Margaret, which Aunt showed me how to cut out. Jane began to laugh at me for being so suddenly industrious; but she soon got tired of sitting by the window by herself, and finally said she would try and hem the strings for me. I knew that she did not sew nicely, and was on the point of refusing her offer; but I remembered my good resolutions, and turned down the hems for her the width that I wanted them. When Cousin Tom came in from school, he said that we looked like a sewing society, and he would be the minister and read to us; and though he began in fun, he found the book more interesting than he expected, and kept on reading for as much as an hour.

"But I shall never get to the end of my letter, if I am so particular in telling you every thing that I did. I know, in writing home, I ought to try and amuse you all with accounts of what I see; but it seems so good to have some one to write to about my own little private feelings and trials, which it is not the cus-

tom to tell to every body in New York, as I used to do at home, that I forget how selfish I am.

"O dear! Cousin Jane has just been in my room, and says that Tom will go with us on board a ship-of-war with the officers of which he is acquainted, if I will be ready in ten minutes. I shall only have time to say that the last few weeks of my visit here have been very pleasant, and it was my own fault that I did not enjoy it before.

"Now for the good news! Who do you think is coming home with me to stay all winter? Miss Fenwick.

"Don't be too much delighted. I am afraid, in your joy at meeting her again, you will scarcely have a welcome for your poor Lizzie. Her health is not very good, and she does not like to remain at the North during the cold weather; and on this account her relations have at last consented to let her return to Walnut Hill. She was delighted to hear that we had not yet procured a teacher, for I believe she does love us as well as if we were her own children. I do hope that Ally's foot is well.

"I am myself in perfect health, and only sorry that I am obliged in such haste to sign myself your own loving

"LIZZIE."

In an hour after the reception of this letter, every thing at Walnut Hill seemed to have been moved out of its ordinary place, and every body to have forsaken their usual occupation. Even down in the kitchen there was universal commotion; for as soon as the family had finished Lizzie's letter, Mary had carried it down to read to the servants, who shared fully in the delight of the children.

"Well! well!" said old Aunt Polly; "I never thought that I should live to seen Miss Amely again, poor old woman that I am, with such a misery in my back, and a wheezing all day; the very sight on her will do me good."

"Bless Miss Lizzie's good heart! Lord help the child!" exclaimed Aunt Becky, who in her way was a pious Methodist. "The dear critter is fond of home as ever, and an't coming home with no big notions arter all. She allers was monstrous warm-hearted; but to think of her gettin mad with her city cousin,

over the water, about us poor black people, just like my old mistress, for all the world!"

There was no end to the capers that James cut on the occasion; and when sent to the pump to fill a pitcher with water, he brought it back to the house as empty as it went, entirely forgetting, in his confusion, what he was sent for. Susan was such a sensible servant, that, no matter what was the matter, she went quietly on with her work, and before the rest had finished their exclamations of surprise and joy, she had commenced putting Miss Fenwick's room in order for her reception.

Poor Alice did long so to fly around with the children, and do something to prepare for the new-comers; but her foot confined her to the sofa, where she was left alone to her pleasant thoughts.

The next day, the little Camerons pleaded for a vacation, as children always do when there is anything unusual going on at home; but Major Cameron thought that it would be perfect folly for them to waste so much time; and he knew, besides, that the weeks would seem much shorter if they were occupied.

Alice also went on regularly with her little

scholar, and was more engaged than ever in making her perfect in her recitations, that she might pass a good examination in her studies when Miss Fenwick arrived. The little teacher had had her trials while instructing Jennie, and was convinced how many times she must have wearied Miss Fenwick, when not aware that she was taxing her patience. Now, especially, she had need of all her self-command; for Jennie's mind, from being at home, was constantly distracted by something that was going on, and it was almost impossible to fix her attention. By dint of hard labor, however, she recited every day till that fixed for Lizzie's arrival, and then Alice was herself too full of other thoughts to be very strict in requiring perfect attention.

How nicely the little Camerons looked, as they all stood together in the porch, watching to catch the first glimpse of the travellers!

There was Alice, who had been able to walk to the door, now seated in a rocking-chair, in a pretty pink gingham dress, with her hair braided very nicely, and tied with ribands of the same color. She was a little pale, it is true, from her long confinement, but joy had

given her eyes unusual brightness, and lent a delicate rose-color to her fair cheek. She sat straight, too, and this made her figure look almost as well as Mary's, whose new purple lawn was very becoming. Jennie and Margaret were not too much occupied with the thoughts of their sister and Miss Fenwick, to smooth their white aprons complacently down over their blue muslin dresses, and give an admiring glance at their new bronze boots.

"There comes a carriage! It is turning up this way! It must be they! O, delightful! O, yes! we all know that straw bonnet with the green riband and veil, which Lizzie wore away, and now we can see her smiling face."

The Major is riding up beside them on horseback, and the love of the fond father really makes him look handsome, as he lifts Lizzie from the carriage, and imprints the warm kiss of paternal affection upon her glowing cheek.

"Don't smother your sister, children," he cries, while he hands Miss Fenwick from the carriage.

O, those were happy faces, but still there was a tear in Alice's eye; for she had suffered

so much since she parted from Miss Fenwick, that she could not keep from weeping, as she threw her arms once more around her dear teacher's neck.

Lizzie did not wait to take off her bonnet before she flew down to the kitchen to see all the servants ; and then she must go out immediately to the barn to see a little colt which was to be hers ; and then the roses and jessamines were duly visited, before she could be induced to sit down for a moment.

Mary, and Margaret, and Jennie all accompanied her in these excursions, and then seated themselves around her trunk, while she opened it and drew forth the various presents that she had procured for the family.

In the mean time, Alice had walked into the parlour with her father and Miss Fenwick, where she was listening to an account of their journey, the picture of joy. She was too much occupied to hardly notice a very pretty dress which Mary came to display, but her attention was arrested when Jennie ran in exclaiming, — " Only see, Ally, what a beautiful Bible sister Lizzie has brought you ! She says you will like it, because it is a Poly— some-

thing. I don't know what she means, but has n't it a pretty cover ; and, see ! there 's your own name in gilt letters on this side, — ' Alice Cameron.' "

This gift was truly acceptable to Alice, who had longed for a reference Bible, and in her excitement she was getting up to go and thank Lizzie, without thinking of her foot, when her father reminded her of her infirmity.

Lizzie had not forgotten a human being in the whole house ; Jennie had as pretty a wax doll as she could desire, and Margaret one exactly like it, while Major Cameron was presented with a pair of slippers which his daughter had worked during her stay in the city. Every one of the women-servants received a new handkerchief for their heads, and the men and boys nice tippets for the next winter.

In the evening, Major Cameron was obliged to go out for an hour or two, and Miss Fenwick called the children up into her room, where she had been occupied since tea in unpacking one of her trunks, that she might be in readiness for the Sabbath.

" Will you let me see your text-books now ? " she asked ; " for I can tell by them something of your improvement."

"Will you go, Mary, into our room and get them?" said Alice. "You must not think," she added, turning to Miss Fenwick, "that I have obeyed all that I have written down. I have found that it is much easier to know what is right than to practise it."

"But you have not, I hope, forgotten, my child, that He who gave you these rules for your conduct also bestows the strength to obey them," said Miss Fenwick.

"O, no!" said Alice, warmly; "I know that God never requires of us what we are not able to perform."

Miss Fenwick now occupied herself in looking at the selections which Alice and Mary had made from the Bible, and expressed her gratification at their choice of texts. Mary had of late written but a few, but these were appropriate ones, and were put down with great care.

Alice had had time, during her long confinement, to write a great many, and, though she did not tell Miss Fenwick, she had learned them all, so that they were constantly in her mind.

After looking through the text-books, Miss

Fenwick went to her trunk, and took from it two singularly-shaped boxes, covered with morocco, and, opening them, showed the girls that they contained all that was necessary for writing, — ink, sand, wafers, seals, pens, &c.

"You will find these very convenient, my dear children," she said, "in carrying out our plan; and I hope these new pens will write many more texts, as excellent as those I have just read. And here, dear Lizzie," she added, taking out a large writing-case, "is something of a similar kind, which I hope may be acceptable to you; and which, I trust, you will sometimes devote to the same purpose."

Margaret and Jennie now began to look towards the trunk, full of eager expectation, and were soon delighted with two beautiful little books, filled with pictures, which they felt like sitting down to read immediately.

"And now, good night, my darling children," said Miss Fenwick; "for I am very tired, and must go to rest early, that I may be prepared to enjoy to-morrow, which you know is Sunday. We can then have as much more conversation as we wish, and shall, I hope, enjoy another of those delightful days to which

I have looked back with so much pleasure. Lizzie shall sleep with me to-night, and we can afterwards see what arrangements will be best for the future."

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN ARE WE HAPPIEST?

It was a sweet Sunday evening, and the Camerons were delighted once more to gather around their dear teacher and receive her affectionate counsels. The lamps were not lighted as twilight came on, for it was still too lovely without to close the shutters, and the children loved to watch for the appearing of the stars.

"O, see that large one, low down in the sky!" said Jennie, as she pointed out Venus, which was just above the horizon.

"And there is another sweet one," said Alice, as she looked admiringly at Lyra, which had now appeared in the blue sky, nearly over her head. "It is not so large as Venus, and yet I like it quite as well."

"What makes the stars so different?"

asked Margaret. "They are not all of the same size, and some are so much prettier than others."

"They are, indeed, very unlike," replied Miss Fenwick, "for such was the will of Him who formed them ; but not one has reason to complain, for all are clothed in glory, and have their place in heaven. So it shall be with us in the world to come, if we are God's children here. We may differ, 'as one star differeth from another,' but each shall wear a shining robe of light, and have a full share of eternal happiness."

"O, tell us more about that ! " said Alice. "Since you have been gone, I have often longed to ask you more about heaven, and how we could tell if we were prepared to enjoy it."

"Do you remember, dearest," Miss Fenwick replied, as she placed her hand fondly upon the head of the eager questioner, and looked into her soft eyes, — "do you remember that I told you once, unless you could catch a glimpse of heaven here, you would not be contented there ? Now tell me, my children, what has made you most happy since I have

been gone, and see what kind of a heaven that would make, if you should always enjoy the same thing. By this means you may tell whether you are prepared for the bliss that God has in store for those who love him. If your greatest earthly enjoyment resembles the descriptions in the Bible of the pleasures of the world to come, you must be in some measure prepared for the society of angels and just men made perfect. Come, Lizzie, it is your turn to speak first. What has made you most happy, since I left?"

Lizzie had been standing by the window for some moments in silence, and now that she turned round, Miss Fenwick saw that her eyes were filled with tears, for she had been thinking of her own unworthiness, and the great goodness of her Heavenly Father in restoring her to her dear home. "I think," she replied, in a faltering voice, "that the happiest hour I have ever known was on the Sunday before I left New York, when, after asking God to forgive me for all my sinfulness there, I felt the full value of that Saviour through whom the most sinful may hope for pardon."

"My dear child," said Miss Fenwick, as

she rose from her seat, and, putting her arm around Lizzie's waist, drew her tenderly towards her, — "such feelings prolonged would indeed be heaven, for it is the employment of all the spirits in glory to sing the praises of a Saviour's love. And you, my darling Alice," she asked, "when have you been happiest?"

The color came and went quickly in Alice's cheek, and a tear stood in her eye, but still her whole face was radiant with joy, as she answered, — "I have never been so happy as a moment since, when I heard Lizzie say, that she had learned to value the love of Christ, and to hope for pardon through him."

"My precious children!" exclaimed Miss Fenwick, deeply moved, as she placed her other arm around Alice's waist, and drew her, too, more near to the heart which was filling fast with emotions of thankfulness. "It would, indeed, be a world of joy in which our whole time was spent in rejoicing in the tidings of the salvation of those we love, for such news fills the hearts of angels with gladness. And you, my Mary, when have you been happiest?"

Mary paused for a moment, and thought of

all the holydays which she had enjoyed during the summer. Suddenly the evening rose in her memory, on which they had all resolved to cherish the spirit of peace, and she felt that it was worth all the hours of gayety that she had ever known.

"I do not know," she replied, "when I have been more truly happy, than after I had resolved to love my sisters better, and never again to say to them a hasty or unkind word. I have sometimes broken the resolution since, but it always makes me miserable now, when there is any disturbance among us."

"I cannot tell you, Mary, how much pleasure your answer gives me," said Miss Fenwick, affectionately; "for I know you too well to suppose that it is not the real language of your heart. 'Peace on earth and goodwill to man' were the blessings that were promised at the Saviour's birth, and peace is also among the fruits of the Holy Spirit. But I see that my little Margaret is all ready to tell me what makes her most happy."

"Seeing you," said Margaret, eagerly, before the question was hardly asked.

Miss Fenwick smiled, as she replied, — "I

am not sure, my child, that such an enjoyment would please you for ever; yet I trust that even in heaven it might add to your happiness to meet one whose dearest wish has been to prepare you for that 'home of the blest.' You must not forget how much more you owe to your kind Creator than to her whom he has sent to train you up for his service."

"O, that is the reason why I love you," said Margaret, earnestly; "it is because you teach us how to be good."

"Well, that is better, Meggy; for to grow in goodness will be the work of eternity. Does my little Jennie know when she is happiest?" asked Miss Fenwick, turning to the youngest child, who sat on a footstool waiting eagerly for her turn to answer.

But now the question had come, Jennie hesitated, and then said, blushing and hanging her head down on one side, — "I don't know whether I was the happiest yesterday, when Lizzie brought me home that big doll, or one day that I did not get out of temper or say an unkind word to anybody."

"I think you will find, my dear," said Miss Fenwick, "that you had more true enjoyment

upon the day that you mention, and as you grow older, you will learn that every sin which you can conquer will prepare you for heaven.

"And now, my children," added their kind teacher, as Major Cameron approached the house, and the last stars came twinkling out, "you have given a better answer than I expected to the question, 'When are we happiest?' May God enable you all to enjoy many such hours of happiness on earth, and thus prepare you for heaven."

THE END.